WOMEN AT THE U.N. ANNE TUCKERMAN

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The British Election
Muddling Through to Hope
RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Outline of a Coherent Policy
Transportation and Energy
REP. BROCK ADAMS

JAMES ARONSON: *'DEADLINE FOR THE MEDIA'*
MAX GORDON

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LETTERS

prison shuttle

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I was disturbed by Edward Bunker's statement ["A Writer in Prison: The Catch in Rehabilitation," *The Nation,* Feb. 16] that the Los Angeles branch of the ACLU stopped answering his letters. I was under the impression that I had referred him to our Washington affiliate. At any rate, the process of re-establishing communications is now going on.

This mess points up a deeper problem . . . the almost unrestricted power of the Bureau of Prisons to transfer a prisoner at a moment's notice and with no consideration for the prisoner. Thus the most effective way for the Department of Justice to resist litigation brought to maintain or clarify prisoners' rights is to transfer the potential litigant out of the jurisdiction in which the prisoner has found counsel willing to help him. The Justice Department and Bureau of Prisons will, of course, deny such disreputable intent, but my batting average of transferred federal inmate clients is pretty close to 1.000. Until we get appropriate restrictions on the transfer power (the law in the Ninth Circuit, including Washington and California, is terrible) we can assume that if the Washington ACLU finds an attorney to help Mr. Bunker, Mr. Bunker will be shipped to Leavenworth, Kan. or Danbury, Conn. about the time he is ready to file his case in district court. . . .

In the meantime I would like to thank you for having the courage to expose some of the ridiculous and repressive skeletons that the Bureau of Prisons is attempting to keep in the closet. *John D. O'Loughlin, Counsel*
ACLU of Southern California

Canon City, Colo.

DEAR SIRS: I, and I am sure others, in state systems found Edward Bunker's tribulations disillusioning reading. We are accustomed to look up to the federal system as a model. This restriction of writing for profit appears stupid.

Here at the Colorado State Penitentiary we encourage inmates to write, paint, make artifacts of jewelry and, if they can be marketed, right on. If nothing else, we try to demonstrate that selling the products of talent is a viable substitute for writing bum checks or ripping off liquor stores.

We have a monthly magazine, *The Interpreter,* which is wholly written and edited by inmates and often very critical of the administration and prison policies. It is circulated to the public and has won a number of prison periodical awards. Editors of *The Interpreter* have sold articles to the press and one subsequently became a newspaper reporter. Maybe Mr. Carlson, the director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, does not regard this as "rehabilitative," but we here at Canon City do. *George Levy, Senior Psychologist*

veterans benefits

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Vietnam vets and the American people, who have provided them with the most comprehensive programs in history, deserve a more complete and balanced account of what has been done for and by these deserving young men and women than Caryl Rivers' "Veterans of the Wrong War: The Vertigo of Homecoming" [*The Nation,* Dec. 17].

Four-and-a-half million veterans have trained since today's G.I. Bill started in 1966, nearly double the number of the thirteen-year Korean G.I. Bill. The 2.3 million of them who chose college exceeded by 100,000 those of the twelve-year famed and highly praised World War II G.I. Bill. Another 1.8 million Vietnam veterans have taken other training. . . .

The $1,980 minimum paid a veteran for a school year is nearly triple the World War II expenses and stipend allowance and, even with inflation, provides a higher level of help to the 78 per cent of today's college-enrolled veterans

(Continued on page 372)

EDITORIALS

A Question of Diplomatic Tact

Secretary Kissinger's worldwide peregrinations make good copy, but on even cursory inspection American diplomacy seems heavy-handed. Take Sweden. In December 1972, Premier Olof Palme aroused President Nixon's wrath by comparing the bombings of Hanoi with German World War II atrocities. Mr. Palme was offended by American denials of the destruction of the Bach Mai Hospital, in the face of newspaper photographs showing most of the building in ruins and confirmation by telephone from the Swedish chancery in Hanoi. Mr. Nixon thereupon informed Stockholm that the new Swedish Ambassador to the United States, who had already been declared *persona grata,* would not be received; simultaneously diplomatic relations at the ambassadorial level were broken off in the other direction, leaving only a third-rank diplomat representing the United States in Sweden. [See "Washington vs. Stockholm: Cold War on Sweden" by Robert Skole, *The Nation,* August 27, 1973.]

After Mr. Nixon had achieved peace with honor in his peculiar fashion (the Pentagon is calling for $3.5 billion in military and economic aid for Indochina in fiscal 1975), Mr. Kissinger tried to smooth things over by inviting Wilhelm Wachtmeister, head of the political department of the Swedish Foreign Ministry, to call on him. The two had a cordial talk in November 1973 and Mr. Wachtmeister left with the impression that normal diplomatic relations would be resumed within a few months. The latest word from Washington is that Mr. Kissinger has selected a candidate to be ambassador to Sweden, but President Nixon has not yet given his approval. Has his anger not yet had time to cool?

Our relations with France are not as strained as they have been with Sweden but, judging by James Reston's conversation with Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, reported in the March 10th *New York Times,* they could be a lot better. In this instance it seems that Secretary Kissinger, rather than President Nixon, must bear the responsibility on the American side. Aside from the substantive differences on the procurement and price of oil, it would seem that Mr. Jobert is offended by Mr. Kissinger's demeanor. Mr. Reston describes Mr. Jobert as "highly intelligent, almost painfully sensitive, tense and resentful." Since both foreign ministers are intelligent, it would seem that more tact could be exercised on the American side, so that differences in national interest need not be aggravated by irritation on one side and wounded sensibility on the other.

Trying to act as a diplomatic mediator—a role for which he is well qualified—Mr. Reston was told that Mr. Kissinger had "lectured" Mr. Jobert, and that he threatened to withdraw military protection if Europe, and France in particular, did not comply with American petroleum policy. But that was wrong, Mr. Jobert contended; France was acting in its own interest, as all nations did, the other Europeans as much as France, and the United States as much as the Europeans.

Mr. Reston describes Mr. Jobert's office in the Quai d'Orsay as about as big and formal as the Supreme Court

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chamber in Washington. As the journalist left this impressive room, Mr. Jobert said bitterly, "Thank you for visiting with a provincial politician." Surely such a mood should not be allowed to arise, whether in France, Sweden or any other country which does not like even the appearance of being pushed around by a superpower.

The Ultimate Embarrassment

President Nixon has caused the American people acute embarrassment on many counts, both at home and abroad. He has cast discredit on democratic institutions—how could so many people vote for a man whose character and manner of operating they had had opportunity to size up for four years? True, the multiple Watergate scandals had not yet broken into the news with full force, but there was plenty of evidence available for those who cared to look, and Mr. Nixon's record prior to his accession to the Presidency was there for all to see.

Since Watergate erupted he has piled deceit on deceit. He has played games with the truth—and the truth has become increasingly obvious. In a country in which, by the nature of its mode of government, the President should set an example of probity and integrity, he has done violence to both, as well as to his oath of office. Yet, unless he resigns or is impeached and removed from office, the ultimate embarrassment is yet to come.

It is painful to picture July 4, 1976 under Nixon's auspices, but one must try. Three Army divisions and hundreds of tanks ring Philadelphia's Independence Square for the opening of the bicentennial celebration. Helicopters and jet aircraft roar overhead. Mayor Frank Rizzo's bully boys—currently depicted by the Pennsylvania Crime Commission as corrupt at all levels—keep the uninvited at a distance. No protesters, no signs expressing dissent, no passing out of leaflets. To the cheers of a carefully screened multitude, the President and family, perhaps accompanied by Bebe Rebozo, arrive in an armored car. The President speaks from behind bullet-proof glass, praising the founding fathers, and his own Administration as a fitting sequel.

Thus America observes its bicentennial. The vision is a nightmare—the ultimate embarrassment. Mr. Nixon should spare us this scene, but he has promised to "fight like hell" to retain his office, and that may be one promise he will keep. Should Vice President Ford succeed to the Presidency before the crucial date, he may open the proceedings with some awkwardness, but he will spare us further national humiliation.

However, the outlook is gloomy. Mr. Nixon has named Secretary of the Navy John W. Warner to head a new federal agency, the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, to coordinate the celebration. Mr. Warner will resign his present office as soon as he is confirmed for his new job by the Senate.

The 100th birthday, celebrated during the second administration of President Ulysses S. Grant, was no triumphant occasion either, but at least Grant was personally a decent and honest man. In preparing us for the trials of 1976, Mr. Nixon made no reference to the Watergate scandals, but in the report of his speech he implied that

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he expected to be still in office, and in a weird peroration he identified himself and the country with the men and times of the Revolution:

> Like the founding fathers, we are bound to experience many problems along the way. Like them, we will have our share of disagreements and disappointments. That is the price that every free society must pay and history shows us that it is a price worth paying for freedom.

Sure, sure, but what is at issue is the price of continuing to endure Richard M. Nixon in the Presidency.

The Bad Paper

New Orleans has survived two Mardi Gras since Mark Essex was killed by machine-gun fire from a Marine Corps helicopter hovering over the city's downtown area. For more than 500,000 men and women who, like Mark Essex, hold "less than honorable discharges" from the war in Vietnam, the Lenten penance of the "bad paper" remains, at least as far as Congress is concerned.

Congressional staffers cite Watergate, energy, gas station lines and a possible Presidential impeachment to explain why the House Armed Services Committee, in particular, has not acted on the bills designed to reform the military's administrative discharge system.

Readers will recall that in its issue of February 19, 1973, *The Nation* published John Grady's "Administrative Discharges: The 'Less than Honorable' Solution," which detailed the abuses of the administrative discharge system. It routinely ignores constitutional due process and erroneously brands the holder of the administrative bad paper as a hardened criminal.

Of the seven bills languishing in committee, only one, H.R. 86, has the endorsement of the Department of Defense, probably because it came from the Armed Services Committee itself and offers little reform. The most comprehensive reform, H.R. 9646, introduced by Rep. Louis Stokes (D., Ohio), still awaits comment from the executive agencies.

Representative Stokes's bill would eliminate all character coding information on the discharge form, force the services to adopt uniform regulations governing the use of the administrative discharges and create ten regional discharge review boards. The Defense Department has already commented unfavorably on special Vietnam-era review boards, a proposal included also in a package of legislation introduced by Reps. Edward Koch of New York and Les Aspin of Wisconsin. This package is buried in the Armed Services Committee.

Some joy, however, may be taken from the recent actions of federal courts, which increasingly are moving to clear the legal morass in parts of the administrative discharge system and to mitigate its effects on men and women returning to civilian life.

For those in uniform, two cases struck down the service academies' codes of conduct and ended the illegal searches and seizures the Army passed off as being necessary to lick the G.I. drug and crime problem in Germany. For those already discharged, the key case was filed by the American Civil Liberties Union for Tommy Thompson, who received an undesirable discharge from the Army for conscientious objection, and against Harry K. Gallagher, the Mayor of Plaquemine, La.

The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled in December that a city ordinance which forced Thompson from his $350-a-month power plant custodian's job denied him due process and equal protection guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. The ordinance required honorable discharges for city employees, but Thompson had been hired before it was enacted with funds from the federal Emergency Employment Act of 1971. That act barred only those former servicemen who had received dishonorable discharges.

In its opinion the court noted: "We have no hesitancy in calling the ordinance which bars that class of persons [holders of coded honorables, generals, undesirables or bad-conduct discharges] from city employment, without any consideration of the merits of each individual case, irrational."

The court added that the ordinance did not bar convicted felons or non-veterans who might have the same ill-defined character disorders that could cause a serviceman to be discharged administratively. The decision is expected to be appealed.

It is more than a little ironic that the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals sits in the same city that was terrorized slightly more than a year ago by Mark Essex.

An Unheralded Victory

Chicago

No liberty bells rang; no victory cannon sounded; there were no parades. An event of uppermost national significance passed almost unheralded. Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, the noted heart researcher, and his nutritionist-assistant, Mrs. Yolanda Hall, had won their eight-and-a-half-year battle against the old House Un-American Activities Committee (later renamed House Internal Security Committee). Their victory not only cleared their names, it also reinforced the First Amendment rights of all Americans.

On December 21, in U.S. District Court in Chicago, Judge Abraham Lincoln Marovitz, at the government's request, dismissed charges of criminal contempt against Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall. They and Milton Cohen, a social worker, had refused to answer questions about political beliefs and associations put to them during one of HUAC's televised circuses in Chicago in 1965 and walked out of the hearing room. [See "Prognosis for Crackdown: The Wheel of Panic" by Theodore J. Lowi, *The Nation*, May 19, 1969.]

Stamler and Hall were represented by the distinguished attorneys Albert E. Jenner, Jr. and Thomas Sullivan. Cohen, with different counsel, intervened in the Stamler-Hall case. While waging their defense, the accused staged a vigorous counteroffensive, challenging the constitutionality of the committee. When the government offered to drop its charges they agreed to withdraw their suit. Had they not done so, the battle might have dragged on for years. HISC (nee HUAC) may be dead, anyway, since the House Committee on Committees unanimously recommended two weeks before the action against Stamler, Hall and Cohen was dropped, that HISC be eliminated and its duties absorbed by the House Judiciary Committee.

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Civil suits pressed by Stamler and Hall and their attorneys succeeded in restraining HUAC/HISC and weakening the power it had wielded over a twenty-year period to intimidate Americans in the exercise of free speech and association. These suits no doubt contributed to the imminent demise of the committee.

Jenner and Sullivan in their final report on the legal actions noted that the suits set valuable precedents which may be used by others "who in the future challenge government excesses." These precedents, confirmed by the U.S. Court of Appeals, established that the courts:

¶At the behest of a citizen in a civil case, will examine the legality of Congressional committees which operate in areas affecting First Amendment rights.

¶Will look at whether a Congressional committee, over the years, has abused its powers, mistreated witnesses and violated fundamental rights.

¶Will conduct these examinations in a civil case brought by a subpoenaed witness, "rather than [as had previously been true] in the abrasive, chilling and limiting criminal contempt action instigated by a committee against a witness."

During their battle, Stamler, Hall and Cohen had the public support of many noted Americans, including Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart physician, who died just two weeks before the court decision ending the case. Stamler was temporarily suspended from his position as head of the Chicago Board of Health's research institute after his indictment in 1967, but later was reinstated and had the backing of city officials. And while the litigation continued, Northwestern University Medical School appointed him to a professorship. Ironically, while the government was prosecuting Stamler it was at the same time supporting his research.

Following the decision, Stamler and Hall issued a statement saying, "Perhaps the most important conclusion from our long legal effort is that citizens shouldn't be afraid to protect their rights." Because they were not afraid, a besieged Constitution has been reinforced. They should be numberd among the nation's patriots.

CHARLES-GENE MCDANIEL

Mice and Addicts

Interesting work on drug addiction is in progress at the Stanford University Medical Center and other research institutions. Recent developments are reported in *Science* (February 22) in a paper on "Partial Purification of an Opiate Receptor from a Mouse Brain" by Louise I. Lowney, Karin Schulz and Patricia J. Lowery, the result of research under the direction of Dr. Avram Goldstein, professor of pharmacology at Stanford, who answered questions of science reporters at a press conference.

We know a good deal about the social and psychological causes of drug addiction, but very little about how heroin, morphine, cocaine, etc. act chemically on the brain. This area of research is as important as it is difficult, for it may shed light on why some persons become addicted and some do not, and perhaps result in improved methods of treatment.

What has been learned so far involves the identification in mouse brains of special molecules which act as receptors for opiates. With further information, it may be possible to find receptors which mediate painkilling action and others which produce the euphoric effects, and to develop nonaddictive opium-like painkillers. There are also some indications that heroin addicts have some abnormal functions in their brains which make them more vulnerable than other people. Another possibility is that further work on the opiate receptors may lead to a better understanding of brain chemistry, aside from drug addiction.

Chemical studies are important but can only supplement the social factors in drug addiction. Major causes are boredom, frustration and lack of a purpose in life. Certainly we should learn all we can about the chemistry of addiction and possible medical measures to cope with the misuse of narcotics, but we must not forget that it is a disease of society as well as of individuals.

Land Use: the Lid's Off

Washington

Land developers and conservative groups appeared to have won their last-ditch battle against national land use legislation when the House Rules Committee surprised almost everyone late last month by voting to keep the bill from going to the House floor. The legislation, introduced by Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.) in the Senate and by Rep. Morris K. Udall (D., Ariz.) in the House, offered $800 million in federal grants to states following detailed federal guidelines in drawing up and enforcing statewide land use plans. In particular, states were to regulate development of large-scale subdivisions, recreation land projects, airports and major highway interchanges to protect the environment and conserve such "critical" areas as beaches, wetlands, wildlife habitats and historic sites. The bill would not necessarily have promoted better community development, but it would have strongly motivated the states to prevent abuse of the undeveloped land remaining within their borders [see Downie: "National Land Use: A Move to Save What Is Left," *The Nation*, December 17, 1973].

Jackson's bill passed the Senate easily last June. Subsequent consideration of Udall's almost identical legislation in the House awakened belated but determined opposition from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and several conservative groups led by the Liberty Lobby, who erroneously condemned the legislation as "national zoning" and, in the words of a special Chamber of Commerce broadside on the subject, "sweeping federal intervention into a traditionally state and local matter." However, President Nixon specifically endorsed the Udall bill in his State of the Union message this January ("adoption of the national land use policy act . . . remains a high priority of my Administration") and the bill was reported out of the House Interior Committee on January 29 in only slightly weaker form than the Senate-passed version.

But then Rep. Sam Steiger (R., Ariz.), who had been on the losing side of the Interior Committee vote, went to the White House early last month "to explain what was actually in the bill to the President." Shortly thereafter, House Minority Leader John J. Rhodes (R., Ariz.) successfully urged the House Rules Committee to use its

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power, rarely exercised these days, to stop the Interior Committee-approved bill from going to the House floor for a vote. Rhodes announced that the Nixon Administration now favored a substitute bill, drafted by the Chamber of Commerce and sponsored by Steiger, for a $200 million program with no specifications for how states receiving the money should plan and regulate land use. In effect, Steiger's bill promises a federal giveaway without effecting present land use.

Udall insisted that the Rules Committee action on February 26 to kill his bill might still somehow be reversed, but Steiger triumphantly declared that he would be "very surprised" if it could be revived in this session of Congress. And neither Steiger nor the Administration seemed very serious about enacting the substitute bill into law. Once again, White House politics won out over a greater dedication to the public interest among Nixon's own appointees in the executive branch. Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton argued against Administration abandonment of the Jackson-Udall bill, but Steiger bragged to reporters that after his intervention the White House was "able to handle" Morton. John R. Quarles, deputy administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, publicly declared that he was "dumbfounded" by the Rules Committee action. And Russell W. Peterson, chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, in expressing his disappointment, openly placed himself in conflict with the President by maintaining that "it is of major importance to the nation that we have a strong land use bill this year." Mr. Nixon himself has not been heard from since he abandoned his State of the Union position and helped to sabotage a responsible effort to protect what remains of America's most precious natural resource—its land.

LEONARD DOWNIE, JR.

'THE HORSEHOLDERS'

LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT III

About three years ago I wrote an article for *The Nation* about the body count in Vietnam (remember Vietnam?). In my discussion of the falsification of reports and the insidious effect that counting bodies had on men and the Army, I referred to honesty and dishonesty, stealing and lying, and winning and losing. For the past several months I have read and heard these same words in connection with Watergate. I think now that my previous analysis was incomplete, for though I described the corruption of counting bodies, I failed to explain why some men submit to it. To comprehend body count and Watergate and its cover-up (and My Lai and its), one must understand this submissiveness. One must understand why men near the top of an organization—any organization—can decide that illegal, unethical, or immoral acts are required; why they can connive at them or take a part in their commission, with or without their superior's knowledge or approval; and why they can direct subordinates to do the dirty work. (There will *always* be a subordinate, a Calley or a Barker, a fanatic who, for whatever reason, will do the dirty work. Always!)

At the top of every organization there is a door behind which is the seat of power occupied by the general, the board chairman or the president—the "boss." Outside of that door there sit what, in the Pentagon, we once called "the horseholders," and from this singular breed of men came, in large part, those who paraded before the Senate Select Committee last summer and fall, and who have now been lined up for indictment by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski.

Horseholders are capable men; make no mistake about that. They are smart; sometimes brilliant. They are good at their business, and they know it. Some of them consider themselves at least on an intellectual and professional par with the man behind the door and believe that, but for some quirk of fate, their desk would be inside rather than outside that door. Though their loyalty is always absolute (that is the one essential requisite of their position), it is sworn not so much to the man behind the door, the source of the power, as it is to the power itself. Horseholders delight in the pure, almost sensual excitement of being at the top, at the focus of the decision-making process. And they like giving orders; most frequently they merely convey them, but they do not perceive the difference.

These are the men who bandy such expressions as, "The boss desires that . . .," "The boss's position is . . .," "The boss expects that . . .," and other variations, even when the "boss" had no desire, no expectation, no position; even when he had not been consulted on the matter. These are also the men who have an almost fanatical desire to "protect" the boss; to make him "look good"; to keep him from being "embarrassed." A few of them will not hesitate ruthlessly to eliminate any individual or situation which might violate this precept.

Dogged but passive men, they rarely conceive an idea. Rather, they spend their time with the written and spoken thoughts of others, bending or twisting them into a form they *know* will be acceptable to the boss. Rarely do they take the initiative. Instead, they continually react to both situations and individuals. They are defenders not attackers, and both Watergate and My Lai (and their cover-ups) have shown that a few of them will threaten, bribe, lie, or even cause theft and murder, in their twisting and reacting and defending.

Why, then, do a few of this group of otherwise intelligent and capable professionals turn corrupt? One reason is that they live in fear. Fear for their future. Or fear of the boss. Or ridicule by their peers for failing to be a "team player," as one Watergate witness put it. Or perhaps the most debilitating of all fears: that of forfeiting

Lucian K. Truscott III, an Army colonel recently retired, commanded an infantry company in the Korean War and an infantry battalion in Vietnam. He also served on the Army staff in the Pentagon and on two Joint staffs.

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their propinquity to power. But fear is only a part. The salient feature of their weakness is their isolation from responsibility. Though they live with power from moment to moment and day to day, they do not comprehend, even apprehend, the responsibility which is concurrent with power, the responsibility for all that the organization does or fails to do, the responsibility without which power is simply raw force. In short, the few corrupt "horseholders" are organizational jackals; they are simply hirelings who do not understand the force they wield, the force which *was* legitimate power until the "boss" abdicated it to them. □

BRITISH ELECTION

MUDDLING THROUGH TO HOPE

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The strangest political winter in Great Britain since the war has now ended, against the odds, with a Labour government. To say that nobody quite understands it, or even yet quite believes it, is probably an understatement. With the formation of any new government there is an air of stabilization, but nobody who has watched this situation developing and who is aware of the immense underlying pressures can possibly feel that this is any more than the end of a chapter, and that what is to come may still be extraordinary.

One important kind of victory can indeed be recorded. The Conservative government had prepared the ground for a significant defeat of the organized working class. At the center of this preparation was the deliberate prolongation of the wages dispute with the miners. All through the winter, opportunities for settlement, on one ingenious formula after another, were stiffly refused. This was passed off as part of the necessary struggle against inflation, but the true political reality was very different. Immediately after calling a general election, on February 7, Edward Heath invoked one of the formulas that had previously been refused. He referred the question of miners' pay to a new statutory body to examine wage relativities. This made it certain that after the election the miners would in any event get more money. Moreover, taking three weeks out for an election brought the nation dangerously near the point where coal stocks would fall below the danger level and uncontrolled power cuts would have to begin. Industry had already been put on a three-day week, with massive losses of production and employment. Only one political strategy makes sense of these events, and indeed, at the beginning of the campaign, it was made quite explicit. The militants, of all kinds, were going to be publicly defeated. "The miners have had their ballot, now we'll have ours," said one Minister. Moderates were invited to stand up and defeat this alien disruptive element. It was a nastier and much more class-conscious appeal than any that had been made in Britain for half a century.

That this strategy did not succeed, in a crisis election and amid much real hardship, must be seen as a kind of victory. But then comes the problem of true definition. Nothing like the opposite proposition was supported either. The Labour Party didn't campaign for the rights of the organized working class against capital and a capitalist government. Some Socialists think Labour would have done better in the election if it had. We can't now say.

What actually happened was not a polarization but an extraordinary fragmentation of voting. The popular votes of both the Conservative and Labour Parties fell heavily, in a very large turnout. The Liberals gained half as many votes as either of the two main parties lost. There were important Nationalist gains in Scotland and Wales, and in Northern Ireland the right-wing Protestant party, which is against the settlement supported by all the mainland parties, swept the province. When passed through the vagaries of the electoral system, this voting produced the most fragmented Parliament of modern times, from which, in present circumstances, no clear majority government can emerge. The political offensive against the organized working class had been halted in its tracks and in that sense defeated, but no clear alternative direction, commanding majority support, had emerged either.

It is a strange situation. An election called in the bitter terms of confrontation turned into a very quiet, very sober, deeply muddled set of decisions. There were moments of hilarity: the discovery, halfway through, that the miners' relative wage rates, the issue which had put the nation on half-time and which everyone, supposedly, had been examining closely, had been quite wrongly calculated (the correction made their claim even stronger); or the emergence of Enoch Powell, from the far Right, advising people to vote Labour to retain the chance of getting Britain out of the Common Market. There were moments of a more sober reality: figures showing the worst monthly trade deficit ever; projections of a 15 per cent rate of inflation this year. In historical terms it was and remains a period of maximum stress and confusion, and the election did not resolve this; rather, with extraordinary accuracy, it registered it.

What happens now? For a few days it looked as if the Conservatives would stay in office, supported by the Liberals. Between them they had a decisive majority of the popular vote (roughly 3 to 2), and the Conservatives were prepared to trim some of their policies. But the Liberal Party, like the Liberal vote, had caught up in its advance the most disparate elements, and this was

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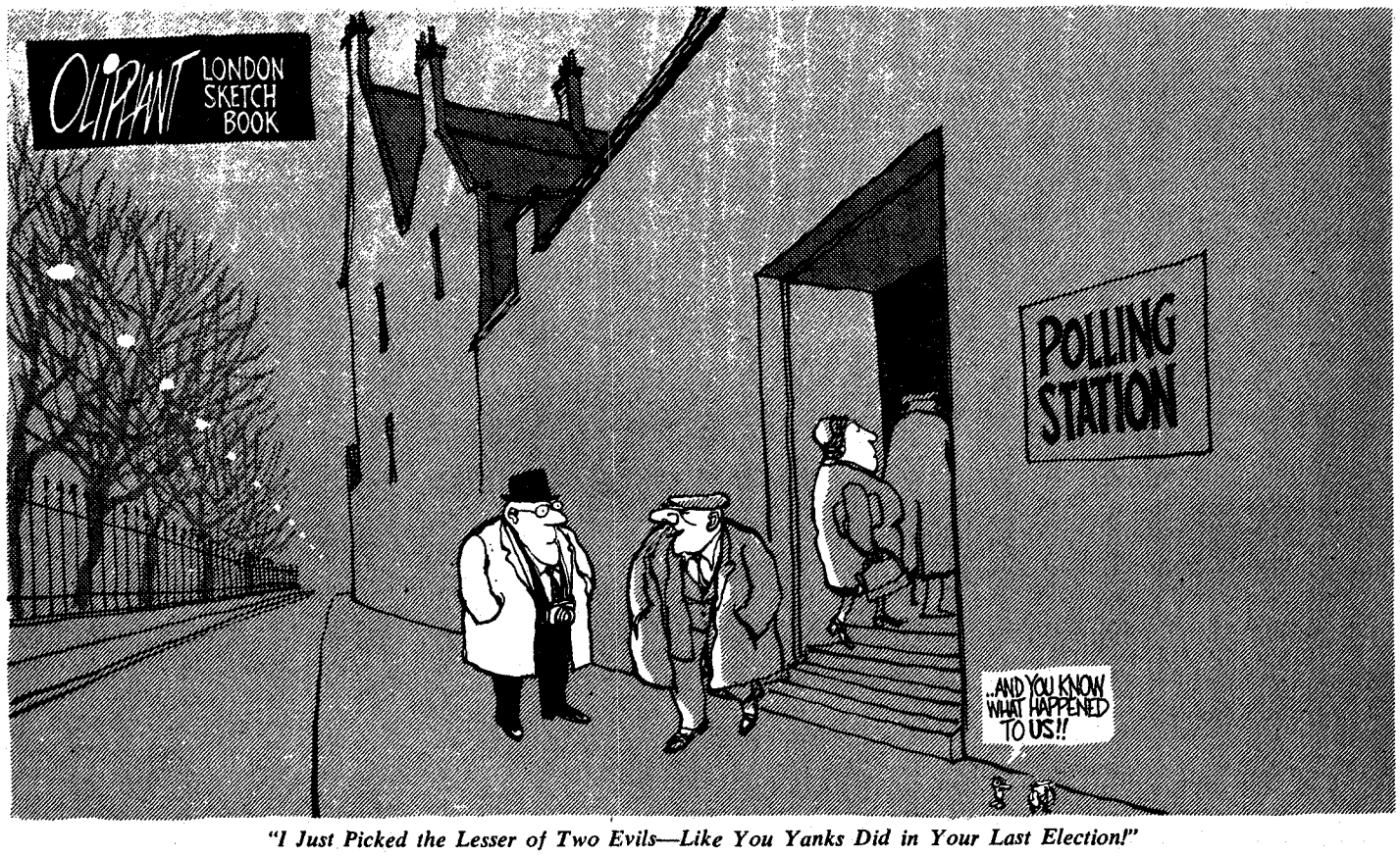
forced into the open in those decisive days. A strong right-wing element at once found its voice, and is already denouncing a very conventional Labour government as "too Socialist." On the other hand real radical elements in the party—the genuine representatives of "community politics"—were strong enough to prevent an open alliance with Heath. The Labour Party, with marginally the largest number of members though with a smaller popular vote than the Conservatives, came to office, in effect, by default. Given the immediate character of the crisis they may get a reasonable run: settling the miners' dispute, getting back to full-time working. Harold Wilson's strategy seems to be one of crisis-management: he has refused deals with other parties; he has even provocatively rejected the strong Nationalist elements which would have given him some marginal security and which many Labour voters support. He will show himself as managing the crisis and if he is defeated in Parliament will try to go to the country for a further crisis-management mandate. Nobody can now say when this will happen; the general belief is that it will be within eighteen months, but perhaps much sooner. In the prevailing muddle there is considerable good will for any set of conciliatory and productive decisions; in those terms the strategy makes sense. But the underlying pressures—the continuing inflation, the massive trade and payments crisis, future relations with the Common Market and the North Sea international oil companies—are still potentially explosive. It will be a long crisis.

I voted Labour. I did a certain amount of work for a good local Labour candidate. All Socialists were determined to defeat the Conservative political offensive, which was supremely dangerous. When the opinion polls, which again turned out to be extraordinarily misleading, continued to indicate a Conservative victory, I felt, as so often in these last few years, that I no longer knew my own country. Now in part I know it again, but in some new ways. Wales, Scotland, the industrial North and Midlands, and London: this is the Britain from which I learned my political meanings and values, and its democratic and potentially Socialist culture is still effectively present and active. But in all south-east and south-central England—the most populous and affluent regions—there is, in solid majority, a culture with which I have nothing effective in common: an alien society. Many Socialist intellectuals in other countries have found their thoughts shaped by this kind of experience, and I now feel those corresponding pressures more strongly than ever. The other heartland is still active, and retains its importance for characteristically British definitions of socialism, but the division is now right in the open and cannot be ignored.

I then feel pulled both ways, and I know from some of my closest political friends that I am not alone. I see great danger both in a crisis-management Labour government and in the kind of corporate right-wing government, with a potentially strong electoral majority, which may yet replace it. To hold off the latter must I support the former: not only in these first months, when necessary things will get done, but what of its probable evolution into the kind of Labour government which has often come in during periods of extreme capitalist crisis, to conciliate and then disarm working-class and radical movements? Some of us believed it would be easier to maintain the real momentum for change if we were facing



"I Just Picked the Lesser of Two Evils—Like You Yanks Did in Your Last Election!"

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a weakened right-wing government, but that is not the way it has gone. What is certain, however, is that maximum working-class and radical pressure has still to be kept up, against all the emergent formulations of prudent concession and delay. For it is the society that is in crisis, not just the Parliament and the government, and the pressures are so great that we will have to take one or the other road. The decision that we did not manage to take in February will come back to confront us, and the strongest asset we have in our crisis is the altered consciousness, in its several positive forms—militancy, solidarity of resistance, radical disturbance of perspectives, puzzled recognition of altered priorities—which the events of this winter have brought into being. Everything else is desperate, but in this, if sustained and extended, it is a time of hope. □

GETTING AROUND THE LAW

PERJURY: NEW TOOL OF JUSTICE

EDWARD BUNKER

Time is hardly a muckraking journal, so when it comes forth with an article on diminishing credibility of police on the witness stand one can assume it is describing the tip of the iceberg. *Time* recently printed an article, covering some of the ground *The Nation* explored seven years ago ("The Perjury Routine" by Irving Younger, May 8, 1967). The gist of the *Time* article was that, not long ago, a policeman testifying under oath was listened to by the jury with rapt credulity. It was unthinkable that a policeman would stray from the truth, the whole truth and anything but the truth. The article showed inroads into that absolute faith, citing examples, including a piece in the prestigious *Georgetown Law Journal* on perjury in "dropsy" cases; i.e., testimony by police officers that a suspect had abandoned narcotics by throwing it away, whereupon it lay in plain view and its seizure did not constitute a "search." Although statistical evidence of perjury was unavailable, there was either a lot of it or suspects in droves were conditioned to fling narcotics around whenever they saw a policeman. *Time* ended its exposé by saying that policemen still had more credibility than defendants (*nobody* believes a defendant) and witnesses who exhibit life styles that offend Middle America. It also quoted Columbia Law Prof. Richard Uviller's observation that police perjury is usually a "white" lie; it is not an attempt to frame a defendant but rather to assure the conviction of one whom the police had decided is guilty. And John Cochran, a former prosecutor, says police lie because they believe the end justifies the means.

Having been twice convicted and imprisoned on perjured police testimony, I have strong feelings on the matter. Both times I was guilty, but both times the truth would have excluded illegally obtained evidence, that is, evidence the police could gather only by breaking the law. My indignation at receiving my just deserts probably tightens the law-and-order jaw with outrage. Yet breaking and entering to search is a crime, and perjury is a crime. What I have to say about perjury transcends my own experiences, though that is the starting point of my concern, and raises serious questions about the integrity of the courts themselves. My experiences are good illustrations of the general situation.

In 1946 I was badly addicted to heroin. Indeed I was hooked like a mountain trout. Like all addicts, I was stealing every day. On a Sunday in Los Angeles, I burglarized a bar, and on Monday went with someone else to burglarize a house. That evening I was suspected of the second burglary and a prowl car put the red light on. After a 90-mile-per-hour chase I was arrested. When captured, I instantly feigned insanity, refused to give my name, claimed to be John McCone of the CIA and accused the police of putting a radio in my brain. After routine pummeling, they booked me. In my car they found a hotel key, crossed the city and searched the room without a warrant. They found some checks that had come from the bar burglary. At this time California law allowed hotel managers to let police search rooms. Between the arrest, the search and the trial, however, the U.S. Supreme Court overturned the California policy, making the search illegal. Not only is the evidence actually seized in an illegal search inadmissible but any evidence gained by "exploiting" the illegal act. For example, if police confront a suspect with illegally obtained evidence and he confesses, the confession is also excluded. In this case they hadn't suspected me of the bar theft until the search, so *everything* they did thereafter was "fruit of the poison tree." Nor did they have enough evidence to convict me of the second burglary.

After remaining "incompetent to stand trial" for eighteen months, I finally went to bat. The detective in charge of the case was the state's chief witness. He testified that on the morning following my arrest he called me to an interrogation room to question me about the house burglary and advised me of my "rights" according to *Miranda* (though, in fact, the *Miranda* decision had not yet been handed down!). Thereupon, I spontaneously confessed the bar burglary, of which he had been totally ignorant. In plain words, he perjured a *confession* to hide the illegal search. The arresting officers testified that I'd refused to even give my name a few hours before, and had spent a year feigning insanity.

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*Edward Bunker, aged 41, has spent most of his life in prison, serving terms for a variety of offenses that include forgery, burglary, safe-cracking, assault with a deadly weapon and robbery. He published "War Behind Walls" in 1972 (*Harper's *magazine) and a novel,* No Beast So Fierce, *in 1973 (W.W. Norton).*

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The judge listened to the swearing contest and believed (or said he believed) the policeman. Three years later in a federal *habeas corpus* hearing, the same detective admitted that he had seen the arrest report before the interrogation, and had refreshed his memory from it just before testifying in the state court. The arrest report describes the search, the evidence seized and the bar burglary. Thus, he admitted that he had lied when testifying that he had "discovered" the crime through my confession. The federal judge refused to allow me to ask the direct question, "Did you lie?" and then ruled that he found no evidence of perjury and denied me permission to appeal his decision.

The second case has to do with drugs. The Los Angeles Police Department had learned from an informer that persons wanting to buy heroin could leave messages and their phone numbers with an answering service. The police went to the answering service and the manager there agreed to give them all messages left for a certain patron. I called and left a message that I'd be in Room 1725 of the Holiday Inn in Hollywood. This skimpy information was relayed to the police. It did not reach the requirements of "probable cause" to make an arrest, which is that "facts" known to the officers would lead a prudent man to believe a crime was being committed by the person they wish to arrest. They had an informer's uncorroborated information and a telephone message that a man would be in a certain hotel. Nine narcotics officers came to the Holiday Inn, took a room next to mine, blocked all exits and waited. I walked down the hall toward the room and was met by five policemen, two with drawn guns. They asked permission to search the room and I told them to get a warrant. They entered the room anyway and came up with 3 ounces of heroin.

At the hearing to determine if this evidence should be suppressed, the police testified that they had not come to arrest me, but merely wanted to question me. They did not have their guns drawn when they came out of surrounding rooms. However, when they walked up to me they saw a fresh "track" of needle marks on my right arm at the elbow and pinpointed pupils, plus slurred speech, all of which gave them "probable cause" to believe that I was "under the influence." Only then did they place me under arrest and advise me of my rights. Whereupon I gave them permission to search the room. They also testified that they had not listened to my phone conversations from the room; I knew they had because they had information that could have come only from there.

My attorney was ready. We had a female witness who had seen the drawn guns, which was before "probable cause." It also happened that I had come directly to the hotel from a men's store, and the salesman remembered because of the size of my purchase. He also remembered that I had put on a long-sleeved turtleneck shirt and a long-sleeved jacket. He identified these garments as those I was wearing in the mug photo taken immediately after arrest. In order to have been wearing a short-sleeved shirt when the police confronted me, I would have had to change clothes between the clothing store and the hotel, and again between there and the jail. We called a doctor who had examined 14,000 addicts and he testified that it was impossible for me to have had a "fresh" track at the elbow because there are no veins there. Finally, the chief switchboard operator and a desk clerk testified that they had seen these policemen seated at the hotel switchboard and wearing earphones for five hours.

The judge ruled against me, saying that if he did not he would have to say the officers were lying. The ruling brought gasps from the spectators. Did he really believe them, or was it easier to call the disinterested witnesses liars? Or did he merely pick a side? Nobody will ever know.

The first case was unusual. Few policemen will go as far as to swear falsely to a confession. The second case was routine. The only unusual aspect was that I'd managed to find witnesses to expose the lie, something few defendants can do and which the police do not expect. Not that it did me any good.

While serving the first term I immersed myself in studying law, believing that courts would not countenance such behavior to get a conviction. I believed that, whatever I was and whatever the police were, a judge in his robes was as committed to his oaths to the Constitution to impartiality as a prelate of the church is to God. Judges were a special breed, men who worshipped at the shrines of Holmes, Brandeis, Black and Marshall. I had read the noble words that a criminal may go free, but it is the law that sets him free. I did not believe that judges, too, silently hold the view that the end justifies the means. I was wrong.

While studying law I became involved in helping other men, and even won a few cases. I also learned that police perjury is the common practice rather than the rare case, at least in California. The lies invariably involve the admission of evidence. In 90 per cent of the cases where evidence is gained without a search warrant, perjury is used to cover illegal police behavior. Nor is the perjury committed simply to hide a mistake; the police know they are acting illegally when they do it. They plan to commit perjury when they commit the illegal act.

For half a century the officers of the federal government have been required to comply with procedural safeguards in making an arrest or search or else lose evidence. Exclusion of illegally obtained evidence was the sole means the Supreme Court could find to enforce compliance with the Constitution. A decade ago the landmark decision of *Mapp* v. *Ohio* made the exclusionary rules enforceable also in state courts. The way around this resented restriction has been perjury. Police continued to kick in doors and search as they pleased—but now they lied. Giving more individual cases serves no purpose, for only a handful are exposed and they don't indicate the wholesale quality. It is better to look at "dropsy" cases and similar scripted testimony. Once a policeman learns that any narcotics a suspect drops is not the product of a search, he testifies time after time that he saw it dropped and did not need to search.

There is also the "plain sight" doctrine. Evidence in plain sight can be seized by an officer, even though he

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has no probable cause to arrest and no warrant to search. It is a reasonable rule, except that now everything is in plain sight. In one case an Appeals Court ruled that there was no search when an officer stopped a vehicle, shone his flashlight inside and saw the butt of a pistol protruding from beneath the seat. Instantly (and it became a joke) everyone caught with a gun in an automobile in Los Angeles had it protruding from beneath the seat. Narcotics, too, were always displayed on the floorboards.

Above and beyond the probable cause principle and the search warrant requirements, the Constitution demands that police officers knock and announce themselves before smashing down doors, even if what they are doing is otherwise legal. That requirement goes back to the maxim that every man's house is his castle. As early as 1603 it was said that: "In all cases when the King is party, the sheriff (if the doors be not open) may break the party's house, either to arrest him, or to do other execution of the King's process, if otherwise he cannot enter. *But before he breaks it, he ought to signify the cause of his coming, and to make request to open doors.*"

Reason and the law decree exceptions. An officer doesn't have to knock if he has "facts" leading to a good faith belief that he or someone else would be in danger, or "facts" leading him to believe that evidence would be destroyed. If a policeman is in hot pursuit of a fleeing suspect, or if there is a hostage inside, or if the suspect is known to be armed and dangerous, it is only prudent to break in. The police wanted the right to kick in doors in every narcotics case, but the courts were not persuaded. However, an Appeals Court in California ruled that officers had lawfully broken the door when, after knocking and announcing themselves, they heard running footsteps and believed evidence was being flushed down the toilet. Immediately the sound of running footsteps could be heard thundering throughout the courtrooms of California. Every policeman knocked, heard running footsteps and broke down the door. If it was proven that the dwelling had a door as thick as a bank vault and a carpet that would muffle a rhino, it made no difference. It was enough that the officer "thought" he heard footsteps; that gave him "good faith."

All major police departments continually educate their officers on the latest rules of evidence as these are expanded, modified, clarified, defined. The purported reason for this continuing instruction is to have them conform to the rules. Actually, they conform their testimony.

This ubiquitous lying by policemen under oath is justified because it protects society from the vermin who commit burglaries and sell dope. The police are forced to lie by such fuzzy-headed fools as Earl Warren, William O. Douglas and Hugo Black, men who didn't care about protecting society from scum. That is the police view, and it has a kernel of truth. The Constitution deliberately limits the power of the state, and this makes their job more difficult. The Constitution was intended to balance the freedom of the individual against the power of the state. But this article is about perjury, not civil liberties.

In my mind, the scandal is not that the police lie but that so many judges allow it. Policemen are not given solemn oaths to uphold the Constitution and sit as impartial referees in an adversarial system of law—but judges swear to do these things. Few judges are fools, and often the lie is blatant. How many "dropsy" cases or "running footstep" cases must a judge hear before he realizes the truth? The police, naturally, are not going to proclaim what they do, and lawyers with rare exception are afraid to criticize judges. Several attorneys have told me that the problem is with judges, who could bring police perjury to a screeching halt—but these lawyers, who are at the daily mercy of judges, have asked me not to use their names. Two lawyers, one in New York City and one in Washington, D.C., have spoken out about the lack of judicial integrity, and face possible disbarment.

In all fairness, trial judges (it is at the trial level that eyes are usually closed) are confronted with the Hobson's choice of swallowing a "white lie" about the circumstances of an arrest or search or else returning a manifestly guilty criminal to the streets. The criminal stands before them, often the victim is in the courtroom, and the judicial quandary is understandable.

Appellate courts are generally more detached, but rules of evidence preclude their ruling on a "question of fact," such as whether or not a policeman told the truth. Appellate judges did not hear the testimony, nor see the witness, and they must accept the factual finding of the lower court unless it is "clearly erroneous," or "unbelievable, incredible and inherently improbable." Few cases fall into that category, but the U.S. Court of Ap-

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peals for the 9th Circuit recently castigated prevaricating federal agents for testifying that they crashed into a house with drawn guns only after being told to "come in" by someone, and that they did not intend to arrest or search but only to "secure" the house until they could get a warrant; but that they then saw drugs in "plain sight." Because the law allows them to frisk for weapons, even when they lack probable cause to arrest, they searched wallets and papers, because razor blades might be hidden therein. The Appellate Court disbelieved the testimony and ruled it was "clearly erroneous" for the lower court to accept it. Such decisions are too rare.

Assuming there is an epidemic of perjury—and perhaps a crisis in criminal justice—and that someone is concerned, the question is what to do. The article in the Georgetown University law review on "dropsy" cases advocates stricter standards to justify warrantless searches, and more critical judicial scrutiny of police behavior and testimony. Under the stricter standards the police would carry the burden of showing by a preponderance of evidence that the search is legal. That standard is already the law in many jurisdictions and hasn't changed police behavior. More critical judicial scrutiny is good advice, except for the aforementioned fact that a significant proportion of judges are nearly as reluctant as police to free guilty persons on a "technicality." A vast majority of judges are ex-prosecutors and it is difficult to change attitudes in middle age simply by putting a black robe over a business suit.

The idea that all searches without a warrant are illegal is good, but there still would be arrests in situations where getting a warrant first is impossible. In 1969, the Supreme Court tried to curtail the practice of making an arrest and then, "incidental to arrest," make a general search. The Court said police could search only within arm's reach of the arrestee until they had secured a warrant. The police response was to testify that on arrest they did not search but saw the evidence in plain sight. The closet was open and the shoebox full of narcotics was on the floor with the lid off. The gun was never *in* a dresser drawer, always on top of the dresser. Or else the arrestee, after being advised of his rights, gave permission to search. The result was the inevitable swearing contest, which the defendant always loses—nor can anyone advocate that a defendant's testimony should be more persuasive than that of a police officer.

The "exclusionary rules" are intended to protect all citizens from unreasonable searches. Not even those persons who believe such rules handcuff the police will advocate that police should be able to arrest and search at will and whim; they merely hold that criminals should not escape punishment because the police violate the Constitution. Before the exclusionary rules were adopted there was a law that all evidence could be used in a criminal trial but that damages could be recovered for illegal arrests and searches. Indeed, civil rights suits are open to anyone who is arrested or searched in violation of his constitutional rights, and now and then damages are recovered when the police smash down a citizen's door. But generally that hasn't worked either.

Right now the exclusionary rules are a farce, a game where everyone lies and the defendant wins when the officer doesn't know enough about the rules of evidence to make his lie fit the law. It seems that we should either make the exclusionary rules work or abandon them. They have simply made liars of the police and eroded the integrity of the judiciary. The only way to make them work is for others to speak out—especially lawyers—for they have credibility and can focus the spotlight on what is happening. I understand my lack of credibility, even though I write the truth. Lawyers and law reviews can make judges fulfill their oaths of impartiality, and judges can make the police respect the Constitution or lose their cases. □

OUTLINE OF A COHERENT POLICY

TRANSPORTATION AND ENERGY

REP. BROCK ADAMS

Washington, D.C.

Sitting through hearings before the House Commerce Committee on the effects of the energy crisis has stimulated me to reflect further on the future of our transportation network. I am impressed by the extent to which the lack of a coherent transportation policy has contributed to the severity of the present crisis and I have some suggestions to make for improving our situation in the future.

First, one must identify some of the myths about energy and transportation and some of the transportation games that both the government and the various special interests are playing, using the energy crisis to attain goals they have long sought. We need to sort out real from phony problems, and separate real from cosmetic solutions.

First the Administration: its approach to the problems of energy and transportation has been to let the crisis develop and then apply Band-aids and press-release poultices. So far, its policy makers have dodged decisions that are difficult or that promise to be unpopular. I suppose I shouldn't complain, now that the President has officially pronounced the end of the energy crisis. (I wish he'd tell me the address of his gas station.) The energy crisis isn't over and won't be for the foreseeable future. It is irresponsible for anyone to say that it is.

Examples of Band-aid approaches to the problem are year-round daylight saving time and a 55-mile-per-hour

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speed limit. There is very limited evidence that these devices have conserved any fuel, and the side effects are awful. The highway speed limit started at 50 miles per hour but no one bothered to ask the truckers—who carry more than 22 per cent of the intercity freight—what the effect of that limit would be. The effect was chaotic. Truck terminals and over-the-road runs are based on 60 mph operations, which determine the length of a day's run. Further, trucks are built to use fuel most economically at the higher speeds. We are still backing and filling and now have a compromise 55 mph speed limit, which is not much of a hardship and probably saves no fuel.

Another example of public relations therapy was the originally proposed fuel allocation for general aviation and private planes. Someone decided that the public would chuckle if those executives who fly around in corporate jets were forced to travel like ordinary citizens for the duration. After the yells of protest had died down and Cessna Aircraft had laid off 2,500 aircraft workers in Wichita, it turned out that general aviation used less than 2 per cent of the jet fuel consumed in the United States. Grounding the entire fleet for a year wouldn't accomplish much. A few telephone calls could have straightened that one out.

The Administration is trying to muddle through without stepping on any sensitive votes. It won't work. If there is a shortage, and I believe there is, the fair method is to ration gas. Rationing by price or by waiting lines is cruelly unfair to those who depend on their cars for their livelihoods. Rationing should have been set up on a temporary basis, with cars used for essential purposes given a priority. Another priority is to insure that transportation modes—bus, air, truck and rail—that can carry large numbers of people and large amounts of freight receive their full fuel needs. We must face the disagreeable fact that overdependence on the car is one of the real villains of the energy crisis.

Private industry has not been slow to seize on the energy crisis as a new approach to some old ambitions. The truckers, hard hit by speed restrictions and soaring fuel prices, have dusted off their proposal for larger and heavier trucks on superhighways. Seeing another convenient Band-aid, the Administration has supported this idea. It is difficult to see how the energy crisis has changed the arguments of safety hazards and increased wear and tear of the highways which moved Congress to reject this idea several years ago.

The airlines have found in the energy crisis an ideal excuse for getting together to reduce less profitable service to major cities and to drop flights to some smaller cities altogether. By reducing flights the industry will gain a short-term benefit from the fuel shortage, but it will not last long. Already the airlines have $875 million of equipment on the ground; they are still paying for it (and paying interest as well) while it stands idle. Also, the industry estimates that in 1974 its fuel bill will increase by a staggering $1.2 billion; if this price is not held down by controls, the airlines will eventually suffer greatly from the fuel shortage, whatever their short-run advantages. Above all, the energy crisis should not be used as an excuse to reduce permanently a vital transportation service to the public.

Since coming to Congress, I have specialized in legislation dealing with the country's regulated transportation system. It is a fascinating subject once you get into it, but in all candor I must say it has not been the most newsworthy or politically exciting subject. However, two events this year have brought the dull realities of transportation life forcefully to the attention of the American people. One was the near collapse of the Penn Central, and with it almost the whole rail service in the East; the other was the truck stoppage.

The total cessation of rail service in the winter of 1974 was averted by the passage in December 1973 of the Regional Rail Reorganization Act. This legislative enterprise resembled *The Perils of Pauline*, and it is not the way transportation problems should be dealt with. However, it did awaken Congress to the fundamental importance of railroads in our economy and the troubles they faced. The truck stoppage educated Americans on the hitherto rather esoteric problems of relative fuel consumption among transportation modes, and the difference between common carriers, exempt haulers and owner/operators, which until then had concerned only shippers, lawyers and transportation executives.

My conclusion is that, if the energy crisis is being used for bad purposes, we might do well to try to produce from it some good results for our national transportation system. Since we must suffer through it in any case, let us finally adopt a sensible, coherent transportation policy which, in the words of the Interstate Commerce Act, will "recognize and preserve the inherent advantage" of each transportation mode. This goal has until now been applied only to setting freight rates at levels such that each means of transportation is protected from the others. It has not been used to develop a sensible plan for allocating private and governmental resources to transportation.

A classic example of bad planning was the construction of an interstate highway system with no consideration of the effect on the total transportation system. This put the Eastern railroads out of business. For example, the New Haven made a lot of money hauling sand and gravel and cement for the highways, but once the highways were opened the railroad collapsed into bankruptcy. The Highway Trust Fund encouraged spending for roads and until recently its coffers were locked against mass transit. We must now make a huge capital investment to construct the mass transit systems that should have been started ten years ago. Since 1946, $26.7 billion have been spent on waterways, airline cash subsidies, airport and airway development and the Merchant Marine. On top of this, federal user taxes since 1946 have given the highways $68.7 billion, and state and local treasuries have supplied $100 billion. The point is not that these expenditures are wrong—the airline service we have today wouldn't exist without the airport construction program, and barges certainly assume renewed significance as movers of bulk freight in a fuel shortage. The point is that there has been no sen-

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Rep. Brock Adams (D., Wash.) is a member of the Transportation and Aeronautics Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

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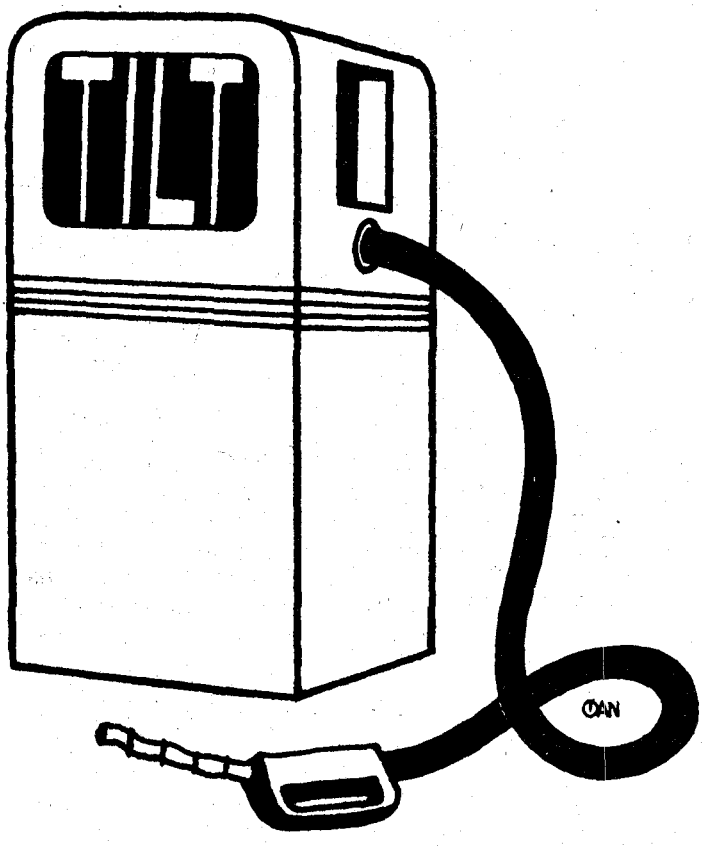

sible balance among modes and no attempt to use federal aid to make sure that there is coordination between them, so that each does what it can do best.

Partly that is the fault of the railroads, which clung to a 19th-century dream of economic dominance, refusing to wake up to the realities of the new century. While the truckers pushed hard for the interstate road system and the barges fought for expansion of the waterways, the railroads until recently have never pushed aggressively for equal treatment by the government. The Regional Rail Reorganization Act marks the first time Congress has enacted a full-scale program to revitalize this ailing system. For their lack of enterprise, the railroads are now paying a heavy price—while the right of way of their competitors is paid for in whole or in part by the federal government, their right of way is kept in shape at their own expense. That is where the public also pays a price, because the first thing a railroad in trouble does is put off maintenance of its right of way. Since the costs of maintenance of way are deducted from current earnings, deferred maintenance can artificially boost earnings. Ultimately, the service deteriorates to the point where the railroad cannot bring it back. It has been estimated that $600 million to $800 million will be necessary to rehabilitate the sprawling Penn Central system. But the argument for saving the Penn Central and all the railroads is a very convincing one at this time: in terms of freight movement for long hauls, a railroad is four times as efficient a user of fuel as are trucks.

The first step in achieving a coherent transportation policy will be to get the railroads back into such a state that they can form part of the system. I have sponsored legislation which would provide a program of guaranteed loans for the purchase of rolling stock and, more important, for investment in improved freight yards, rebuilt rights of way and better computer systems to enable the railroads to use their equipment at maximum efficiency. This needed investment in right of way and facilities will also have a beneficial effect on passenger traffic (which also uses fuel very efficiently). At present, 40 per cent of Amtrak's trains run on track owned by the Penn Central. Once this track is brought back to standard, the trains can be fast, safe and on time.

And while we are injecting needed capital into this capital-intensive industry, we should begin to reform the regulatory system, so that it regulates but does not cripple the whole transportation system. Such things as local imposts which tax railroads at rates higher than those for other industries, and the legal requirement of cheap rates for government shipments should be eliminated. Rate regulation should be designed to encourage innovative techniques, rather than discourage them.

Our most important reform, however, in devising a new transportation policy is to stop dealing with each mode in isolation. We should have a unified transportation budget, which would show how much each mode is getting in federal assistance and would justify that expenditure, not on the basis of how it will improve competition between the modes but on how much it will help coordination of the modes. The trucks and the railroads consider themselves competitors. To a great extent they are not, or should not be. The most efficient mode for the long haul in terms of cost and fuel is the railroad; for the 200-to-250-mile haul, the truck is the most efficient. Further, although they do compete, one mode could not exist without the other. Piggyback business (a truck trailer or container carried on a railroad flatcar) was up 18 per cent last year, and this year is 15 per cent ahead of 1973. Therefore, it seems to me that the public's money would be better spent on facilities to expedite the interchange of piggyback traffic than on building more highways.

The fuel shortage supplies the impetus. It is astonishing, but true, that fresh fruits and vegetables now move by truck from California to the East Coast markets. Yet to move a given amount of freight across the country by truck uses 70 per cent more fuel than the railroad would need for the job. With the price of fuel rising, transcontinental truck routes will become unprofitable. This year, Arizona lettuce growers expect the price of a truckload haul from Arizona to the East to go from $1,500 to $3,000. In my state of Washington, the cost of trucking a box of apples has gone from $1.70 a box to $2.10 per box. This level of price increase will inevitably force a return of traffic to the rails—if the rails are able to accept it. But given adequate container facilities, it need not cripple the trucking industry, which can supplement, not compete with, railroading. The Task Force on Railroad Productivity of the National Commission on Productivity described the future well in a recent report: "The rail industry should gradually phase out its fleet of all-purpose freight cars, replacing it with a fleet of trailers (or containers) and flatcars. . . . Trucks could be employed to pick up and deliver containers,

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thus specializing the rail system as a wholesaler of freight transportation and trucking as a retailer." This sensible statement describes a goal which governmental policy and financial assistance should encourage.

That is one example of how the government, by carrying out a policy aimed at efficiency, could improve our transportation system. The government could bring about needed change in other areas as well. For example, the railroads possess vast reserves of coal, which could be used to generate the electricity to power locomotives on high-density lines. Electrification could not only help to keep fuel costs in line; it would substantially reduce the equipment maintenance expense, and provide surplus electricity for other uses.

Surface transportation would not be the only part of transportation to benefit from a sensible allocation of federal assistance to transportation. I foresee in the airline industry a joint federal-private sector project to develop a short-haul, commuter plane to provide the service needed by smaller communities. Until now, American commercial jets have been the offspring of military aircraft. There is little military need for the type of smaller jet I think we should have, and the expense of developing such a plane is too great to be borne by private industry alone. But such development is vital if adequate air service for small communities is to be assured. Large jets cannot efficiently serve these communities.

These are only a few examples of what can be done by a well-planned study of our transportation network. Without such a study, we shall have continued inequities in federal aid to transportation, declining levels of service for some areas, and overall an inefficient transportation system. I do not hesitate to argue for government participation in the improvement of the various modes of transportation, for I view transportation more as a necessary public utility than a purely free-enterprise business. The United States is the only country in which transportation is not nationalized; instead, it is privately owned and government-regulated. I see government assistance through loan guarantees (which need not involve direct costs to the taxpayer) or through government-sponsored research and development as perfectly proper. Government assistance for transportation has been part of our history since the building of the Erie Canal. To me it is a necessary and proper investment in the basic structure of our economy. As we meet the energy crisis we should face the realities of the future and plan and produce a new efficiently coordinated transportation system. If we do, at least one good result will have come from the present travail. □

THE DYING GERONTOCRACY

THE GREENING OF ORANGE COUNTY

FRED R. MABBUTT

La Crescenta, Calif.

It was nearly a decade ago that *Newsweek* made Orange County, California famous as a haven for right-wing extremists and mindless politicians who believe that "the federal government is like the child molester who offers candy before his evil act." Since then this Southern California region has been something of a national joke in more sophisticated circles. As one observer put it when contrasting the county's resort beaches to its politics, "The best part of Orange County is under water."

Watergate, however, ended the flippant jokes, and to many, Orange County has become more of a sinister specter haunting our national politics. Some commentators have even attempted to trace the origin of Watergate back to the peculiar nature of this county, out of which emerged not only the thirty-seventh President of the United States but H.R. Haldeman, Herbert Kalmbach and others. And, according to the testimony of John Dean, the cover-up was determined upon in this county at La Costa, almost halfway between Disneyland and the Western White House at San Clemente.

It is easy enough to undermine the simplistic notion that somehow Orange County stimulates this type of political behavior by noting that the northern part of the county regularly returns Richard Hanna, a moderate Democrat, to Congress, or that many leading Watergate figures—Dean, Mitchell, Magruder, Liddy, Hunt, Stans, et al., have no roots in this Southern California region. But what of the political milieu of the county itself? Should it still be regarded as the heartland of right-wing extremism, of reactionaries who think that fluoridation is a Communist conspiracy?

Two sociological factors immediately enter this inquiry. One is the tremendous growth, both in population and industrialization, which Orange County has experienced in a single generation. Immediately after World War II, barely 200,000 people lived in Orange County. Today, there are more than 1.5 million, and conservative projections forecast a population exceeding 2 million by the end of the century. In the process, Orange County has been transformed from a pastoral community of orange trees and cattle into a sprawling metropolis whose economy is based on manufacturing and the highly technical defense industry.

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Conservatism was indigenous to Orange County, as it is to all rural and small-town areas. And for all its growth, in both population and high-technology industry, many among the older elite still reflect their rural-conservative upbringing. Thus the late owner of the *Santa Ana Register*, Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, spoke for a noisy minority on the far Right until his 91st birthday (1970), while city planners, supported by their constituents, were levying taxes, floating bonds, accepting federal aid to pay for new sewer and water systems, roads, garbage collection and the salaries of expanding bureaucracies that were called into existence to administer new service and welfare programs. While the *Register* and the John Birch Society (which represents 0.2 per cent of the population) were fulminating against all forms of taxation, circulating the "Liberty Amendment" to repeal the federal income tax, and damning government spending as a left-wing conspiracy, Orange County governments (there are no less than 193 governmental "districts" in this county) were taxing and spending to bring into existence 4,150 miles of roads and streets, and an uncountable number of miles of sewers and water mains. They were also building or supporting 330 elementary schools, fifty-eight junior high schools, forty-one senior high schools, and five community colleges which lie within the boundaries of Orange County. All this while the federal government was contributing support which was so gratefully and bountifully received that some agencies, like Santa Ana College, had to establish separate offices just to process the federal grants they received.

Thus, beneath an eccentric right-wing ideology linked to the past, the people of Orange County attempted to deal with the problems of growth and change. It is a process which affects so many cities and suburbs across the United States that some have come to regard this area as "a demonstration county" for the rest of the nation. Beneath the reactionary rhetoric has existed a field of progressive action, and this, in turn, has tended to dilute the reactionary ideology which first brought this county to national attention.

That is not to say that the newcomers brought political attitudes which directly clashed with the traditionally conservative outlook of Orange County. Most came from the South, the Southwest, or Midwest; others trickled in from Los Angeles. The overwhelming number have been Caucasian, but the brown and black communities have been increasing at a faster rate than their Anglo counterparts. And they are better organized in terms of political action than they were a decade ago. While such factors are catalysts of change which are chipping away at the traditional power structure, it must be kept in mind that the Chicano and black populations constitute respectively only 12 per cent and 1.5 per cent of the total population.

As for the whites who make up the other 87 per cent, many are skilled engineers or technicians who have been lured to the high-technology industries which abound here. This combined with a branch of the University of California at Irvine and a State University campus at Fullerton (which together have a population of more than 20,000 students), has contributed to the steady rise in the median level of education to its present mark of 12.6 years. The inflow of engineers and Ph.D.s is often mentioned as one explanation for the moderating political changes. No doubt there is some truth in that, but as Carl Thornton, the former city manager of Santa Ana, once put it: "Just because a man has an education it doesn't necessarily follow that he is a liberal." And as another observer has pointed out, "for every Ph.D. who comes out here from the East, there are four or five welders who have come up from the South."

Taking the old with the new, the Ph.D.s with the blue-collar workers, corporate business with the unemployed, the WASPs with the ethnic minorities, the median income of this county has risen from $7,219 in 1960 to $12,245 in 1970. It is a level considerably higher than that of either the state ($9,600) or the nation ($9,000). It goes without saying that, as in most American communities, this income is not evenly distributed, that in turn accounts for the upper-class accent which still characterizes the politics of this county.

This fact raises the second sociological variable which must be considered in accounting for change in the political climate of Orange County. Diversity is a hallmark of the county and, stereotypes notwithstanding, anyone who strays outside the realm of Disney's Magic Kingdom or away from Knott's Berry Farm will discover that there is far more *pluribus* than *unum* in this Southern California region.

There are today twenty-five independent cities in Orange County. Many of them are new, and most of them have been enormously transformed over the past generation. Anaheim, for example, had a mere 14,600 people in 1950; today it is the largest city in the county, with more than 160,000 people. There are affluent resort areas like that of Newport Beach, whose Balboa Bay Club moors the yachts of Barry Goldwater and John Wayne, and whose beach-home roster includes that of H.R. Haldeman. The stereotype of sun-streaked hair, well-tanned bodies and conservatism will hold up better here than in any other part in the county, though it should be noted that pornography so thrived in this area and so affronted the sensibilities of the Nixon Supreme Court as to inspire the tough 1973 curb on smut in the case of *Miller* v. *California*.

But other seacoast resorts, like Laguna Beach, are artist colonies and extremely sensitive to censorship. In those resort spots, artists and wealthy business people, homosexuals and retired officers from the Marine Corps base at El Toro live side by side, though not always in perfect harmony. Not too far away is the small seaside community of Seal Beach, which a few years ago witnessed demonstrations by thousands of hippies, Yippies and members of SDS. Further south is the Western White House at San Clemente, but also a religious shrine at Capistrano Beach where as many pot smokers (college and military) as swallows come home to roost.

As if this were not enough diversity for any one county, there are cities like Garden Grove which are so capital-short that they have trouble maintaining their public services. And these needy communities are often nestled against affluent municipalities. Garden Grove, for example, shares a border with Anaheim which is taking

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in capital hand over fist from revenues derived from a booming tourist and convention business, as well as from taxes on the motel and hotel rooms which ring both Disneyland and the "Big A" stadium of the California Angels.

There are other contrasts. Existing side by side with more than thirty Chicano barrios and several black ghettos is the ranch empire of Richard J. O'Neill, a real estate bonanza which once was a fourth the size of the state of Rhode Island, but has now been reduced to 42,000 acres, a plot of land larger than the city of San Francisco and valued at more than $1 billion. O'Neill, who is very active in the Orange County Democratic Party, has been a strong supporter of Democrats in this county like Rep. Richard Hanna and Assemblyman Ken Cory, as well as state and national Democratic figures like former Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh and Sen. John Tunney.

Political opponents of O'Neill are the Republican millionaires, reactionaries like the 84-year-old amusement park businessman, Walter Knott, and the powerful conservative members of the wealthy and mysterious Republican Lincoln Club. The 128 members who make up this club pay dues of $500 a year, and are steered by an eighteen-man board of directors which until recently included Herbert W. Kalmbach. Though its treasurer, Robert F. Beaver, has attempted to justify Watergate as an all-American pastime ("Political espionage is as American as apple pie"), the club's 71-year-old President, John S. Fluor, has said that he is personally "sick" about the scandal.

Despite popular impressions, the Lincoln Club's political track record is unimpressive. In 1971, for example, minutes of the club recorded that membership was declining (fourteen members had dropped out), and that 17 per cent of those remaining were delinquent in paying their dues. During the 1970 campaign, its records show the following club disbursements: $15,000 to a *losing* attempt to re-elect Republican Sen. George Murphy; $28,000 to a *losing* attempt to elect arch-conservative Republican William J. Teague as Congressman in the 34th Orange County Congressional District; $20,000 to the *losing* candidacy of the Republican protégé of Walter Knott, Bruce Nestande, who sought the 69th Assembly seat in Orange County held by Democrat Ken Cory; $1,000 in the *losing* candidacy of Republican Henry Boney for the state Senate in the 40th District of Orange County. The club spent $10,000 on the re-election of Governor Reagan and there it had a winner.

The rest of its funds for that year were spent on board meetings and its annual Lincoln Day Dinner. Thus, the picture that emerges is one of an ultraconservative club that consistently spends thousands of dollars to support losing GOP candidates on the state and local levels. When asked in 1969 what the Lincoln Club had accomplished in the past year, the president responded: "Well, first of all, we elected Richard Nixon President of the United States. I'm well aware that others also claim a share in this momentous victory, but the board of directors, with its usual complete objectivity and without bias, has considered such claims and has thrown them out." Like other fund-raising clubs across the nation, the Lincoln Club has suffered from flagging interest, delinquent dues and declining membership. And that was so even before the Watergate scandal and Nixon's mismanagement of the economy drove even the most steadfast of conservative Republicans into seclusion.

At present 362,040 Republicans, 299,361 Democrats and 47,355 independents are registered to vote in this county. An additional 2,108 have registered with the Peace & Freedom Party and 3,777 as members of the American Independent Party. Drawn here largely by the aerospace and defense contractors, the most recent newcomers to Orange County are younger, better educated and more frequently in professional categories than were those who came here a decade ago from the Bible Belts of the South and Midwest. Rapid upward mobility, urban and suburban living and professionalism have diluted and possibly displaced the conservative, blue-collar politics of a decade ago with more liberal, better-off Republicans or Democrats.

Much of this newly planted population remains isolated from political influence by the native landed and business elites. O'Neill continues to play a leading role in shaping the agenda and recruiting the candidates for Orange County Democrats. The gerontocracy of the Lincoln Club, of Walter Knott and the late R.C. Hoiles, continues to play an influential role in directing the course of Orange County Republicanism. But there are healthy signs that this hegemony of wealth and antiquarianism is being broken.

The *Los Angeles Times*, a more liberal and fair-minded newspaper than the *Santa Ana Register*, has broken the hammer lock which the right-wing press has held on this county since World War II. The *Times*'s circulation was eclipsing that of the *Register* even before the *Times* started printing a special Orange County edition. And with the death of R.C. Hoiles, editorial management of the *Register* has shifted to younger thinking men who have grudgingly and imperceptively moved away from their more extreme far-Right ideas, both as a consequence of the passing of its founder and new realities in the commercial marketplace. Indeed, it must be remembered that it was the *Santa Ana Register* which first alerted the nation to the possible misuse of public funds and circumvention of property taxes by President Nixon in respect to his home at San Clemente. (See "An 'Enemy' in Orange County: Getting the Goods on San Clemente" by John Blackburn, *The Nation*, November 26, 1973.)

There has been a tremendous percentage growth also in the younger segments of Orange County's population. The universities at Fullerton and Irvine have exposed students to more liberal and progressive ideas. In turn, these university populations have had a liberalizing effect on the southern portion of the county where conservatism was most deeply rooted. Even the young people who have not received a higher education have frequently moved to the Left, either because they were radicalized by the war in Vietnam or because marijuana gives them something in common with the "hippies" of Seal Beach and the college students. This, combined

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with the natural attrition rate of the wealthy gerontocracy, has brought the newer and more progressive ideas of the young further forward in Orange County politics. In the last election, forty political candidates were under the age of 21. All of them lost, but they are clearly a political force to be reckoned with in the near future.

The northern and the western sections of this county are already represented by a good number of moderate and liberal Democrats. In these industrial and urban sections, the Lincoln Club has spent more money to sponsor archconservative Republicans like William Teague than on any other cause. Indeed, Teague outspent every other candidate in Orange County in his vain attempt to unseat the moderate Democratic incumbent, Richard Hanna, in the 34th Congressional District. Similarly Ken Cory, who until recently sported a "hippie-like" beard and appearance, is still the Democratic Assemblyman from the 69th District, although Bruce Nestande, the director of Walter Knott's Independence Hall, spent more than $125,000 in the 1966 election to defeat him. Cory won in a year when conservatives were sweeping the country.

It seems certain that industrialization and urbanization will continue to invade Orange County and that the southern portion of the county will be caught up in the process. Whether it is done well or poorly, development will continue to dilute what remains of the rural gerontocracy in Orange County. The south already looks more like the north of the county, as technicians, professionals and developers begin to trickle into its communities. One can expect, then, that its politics will also move to the center of the spectrum, until all of Orange County comes to resemble that of its suburban counterparts elsewhere in the nation.

As the newer population settles in, one may also expect that the landed and business oligarchies which dominate the politics of this county will be challenged. The domination of the newer population by the older elites is already nearing an end, for unlike the ideological conservatism of this older generation, the issue for the newer population is not *whether* there should be progress, but rather *where* and in *whose* neighborhood should that progress take place?

In the years to come Orange County will have to deal with the same problems that face the rest of the nation. One of the most crucial is eliminating the poverty of the barrio and ghetto. Even as the new immigrants have been dominated by the old elites of Orange County, so the minorities have been dominated and exploited by the more privileged Anglo groups who now live here. As with the nation, much progress has been made to end this old colonial relationship. College recruitment programs, OEO opportunities, community relations agencies, legal counseling and a host of other programs have been steps taken in the county to create a new political structure wherein the promises of liberty and equality can be implemented. The progress of Orange County, as with the rest of the nation, will depend not only on sociological changes but also on the degree of moral leadership exercised by the new elites. □

WOMEN'S CAUSE AT THE U.N.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

United Nations

A visitor to the U.N. General Assembly hall one morning in February would have been startled to find the delegates' seats occupied solely by women, who reflected by their faces and costumes the many countries that make up the United Nations. They were attending the first International Forum on the Role of Women in Population and Development.

These prominent women, nominated by 108 governments from positions in administration, parliament, public and social services, academia, law and letters, were being told from the rostrum that their representation was not what it should be in the World Organization and that progress toward universality and equality among races had not been matched by a similar advance in the battle against sex discrimination, although both goals appear in the U.N. Charter.

Mrs. Helvi Sipila, a top Finnish lawyer, assistant secretary-general for Social Development and Humanitarian Affairs since 1972, and the only woman in the Secretary-General's cabinet, has said that she considers her "temporary widowhood" in New York (her husband directs a large concern in Helsinki) as a voluntary military service for the cause of women. She called on the women participating in the International Forum to act "as the link between your government and women at the grass-roots level so that the views, concerns and aspirations of women can be felt in every field of endeavor and every corner of the world."

Mrs. Sipila noted that, in the last session of the General Assembly there were only 180 women delegates, compared to 2,369 men; that not one woman sat in the delegations of fifty-five countries out of 135, and that there was only one woman each in the delegations of forty-four countries. A similar situation exists within the U.N. Secretariat itself, where only 20 per cent of more than 3,000 employees in the professional grades are women, and where 40 per cent of the male, but only 3 per cent of the female, international civil servants, who joined the organization in low grades twenty-five years ago, have attained the top professional grade, not to speak of the director's level. "For an institution which is supposed to set an example, its own standards are a disgrace," is a frequent comment from professional women in the Secretariat, which has set up an *ad hoc* group on equal rights for women. At a well-attended meeting this month, which came close upon the latest session of the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women, this group

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adopted unanimously a resolution urging that "the present imbalance should be redressed, first through internal promotion at all levels," and that the administration "adopt measures with a view to achieving a minimum annual rate of increase of 5 per cent of women in each grade in the professional category, with a target of a 50 per cent woman representation in 1980." Subsequently, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim promised an active program of recruitment of professional women, and administrative reforms to eliminate the discrimination in the employment contracts of married women.

Women's rights have come a long way, juridically, since the signing of the U.N. Charter in 1945. At that time, women could vote in national elections in only thirty countries. Today, only six countries in the world deny women equal voting rights.

Since its inception, the U.N. has adopted an impressive number of recommendations and juridical instruments on the rights of women. Credit for these achievements belongs to the Commission on the Status of Women, established in June 1946 as a functional commission of the Economic and Social Council, equal to the Commission on Human Rights (and more effective). The commission has a mandate to promote equal rights of men and women in all major fields.

Some of the important U.N. decisions in the field of women's rights are as follows:

¶In 1946, at the first session of the General Assembly, a resolution recommended "that all member states who have not already done so, adopt measures necessary to fulfill the purposes and aims of the Charter . . . by granting to women the same political rights as to men."

¶In 1948, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights stated as a principle that there shall be no discrimination based, *inter alia*, on sex.

¶In 1952, an international convention was passed on the political rights of women; it has now been ratified by seventy-three countries, Spain coming in as late as January 1974.

¶In 1957, a convention was added on the nationality of married women, an important "first" for women's separate identity.

¶In 1962, there was a convention on Consent to Marriage, minimum age for marriage and registration of marriages, which initiated a series of studies on family law.

¶In 1967, a Declaration on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women set standards in all the fields where promotion of women's rights is the goal. This declaration will form the basis of an International Convention, now being drafted, and which will be adopted late this year or in 1975. The most controversial articles in the declaration dealt with those areas—marriage and the family, and employment—where universal acceptance of the principle of equal rights of men and women remains slow and difficult. In the convention now being drafted, the sharpest argument, strangely enough, will be between two categories of women: those who, in poor or Socialist-oriented countries, want protective standards for working women in the form of shorter hours, less strenuous tasks, maternity leaves; and those from countries like the United States, who agitate in liberation movements for the advancement of professional women. For these women, protective laws become a pretext for discrimination in the hiring, pay and promotion of women in jobs where men want to keep the upper hand. Thus the representative of the United States announced that she would vote against a Soviet-Philippine article on "protection."

Meanwhile, the Commission on the Status of Women, in cooperation with the International Labor Office and UNESCO, has tackled the questions of the employment of women with family responsibilities, and discrimination against women and girls in education, especially in rural areas and developing countries.

As innovative as these juridical instruments are, they have, of course, not brought about automatic solutions. Their main effect, aside from the ratifications of conventions slowly coming in, is the prompting of governments to report to the U.N. on measures taken, if any, to give effect to the principles set forth in the conventions, the publicity given to them and their use in school curricula. Some adverse opinions are also expressed in these reports, as that of the Turkish Government, which asserted candidly that the subordinate role of women was necessary for the smooth functioning of the family unit. The subject at least remains in constant discussion between the U.N. and the capitals of member states.

Many new nations have incorporated into their constitution or legislation some provisions on equality of the sexes which are not necessarily reflected in everyday life, but which nobody would have thought to include before the adoption of the new international instruments. Among old nations, an anti-discrimination bill concerning women has been introduced recently before the British House of Commons.

Yet the gap between law and reality remains wide, and women have a long way to go before they take their rightful place in society. Said Margaret Bruce, deputy director of the U.N. Division of Human Rights, at the forum: "The realization in practice, as distinct from law, of the norms established has not advanced rapidly, nor has it received high priority."

This situation is attributable not only to long-standing custom but also to a lack of awareness, even by women themselves, and lack of interest on the part of governments and establishments in what are still often dismissed as "women's issues." Mrs. Bruce makes the obvious but often overlooked point that it is totally erroneous to classify the problems of women as those of a "minority," since the female sex comprises more than one-half of the earth's human resources and one-third

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of its manpower, for the most part improperly applied.

That is the fundamental bias which activists in the promotion of women are trying to combat today, at the U.N. as elsewhere. Women at the U.N. have been assigned almost exclusively to "women's issues" and left out of the formulation of economic and social development policies which affect them as members of the human race. "Present plans and priorities, both at the national and international level, devised under the International Development Strategy adopted by the General Assembly in 1970, do not reflect women's views and concerns," remarked Mrs. Sipila.

The "development" issue has become one of the top priorities in the U.N. sphere of action and with a majority of member governments. Yet many women in developing countries remain untrained and uneducated, especially in rural areas, where their participation in modernizing agriculture is essential. At the U.N. their advancement is treated separately from overall international development. Elizabeth Reid, an articulate adviser to Prime Minister Whitlam of Australia, told the forum of a developing country where women had traditionally taken care of agriculture, and where, upon the implementation of a technical assistance program, men were sent to training school and women left out altogether.

A cause of even greater indignation in women's circles at the U.N. today is the lack of female staff participation in the U.N. program for demographic studies and population control, an essential component of rational plans for the development of the planet. (1974 has been proclaimed "World Population Year" and a U.N. World Population Conference is to meet in Bucharest in August to dramatize the subject and formulate a plan of action at all levels.)

"Without this women's forum," Mrs. Sipila told her audience, in a modern version of *Lysistrata*, "it is quite possible that once again we would have attempted to solve a problem without getting to its source. For population statistics are the tip of the iceberg only; women are, if you will, the submerged two-thirds. It is women who give birth to children. If they did not fulfill this function, there would be no problems of overpopulation. . . . To state this as bluntly as this is not in any way to deny the important role men have to play in this question, but only to underline the crucial role of women in population and development, which has been, as in other areas, taken so much for granted that it has almost been forgotten."

Indeed, the three top officials who followed Mrs. Sipila to the rostrum, the executive director of the U.N. Fund for Populations Activities, the secretary-general of the U.N. World Population Conference and the director of the Population Division, were all men. Some of their more patronizing statements were hissed by the women.

According to U.N. proclamations, World Population Year, 1974, is to be followed in 1975 by the International Women's Year. These are, in effect, two sides of the same coin, for in words heard at the forum, "women cannot hope to participate fully in decision making until they are able to exercise choice in their childbearing role. And we cannot hope to reduce the rate of population growth until women are able to participate more widely in their societies." The Soviet Union draws the opposite conclusion and its representative, Alexandra Biryukova, expressed the view that the full integration of women in the economic and social life of the country—accompanied by generous social services—does push them in the direction of giving birth to more children who, in turn, will promote the overall development of the country.

The International Women's Year, according to proposals now under study, should be the occasion for national governments to establish specific programs, target dates and procedures for the continuous review and evaluation of women's integration into all sectors and levels of economic life. The objectives of the year would be pursued through such measures as the establishment of national commissions for women (one was recently established in Canada), counseling offices to advise women of their rights, publicity and educational measures, studies and surveys, national conferences, exchange programs and implementation of international instruments related to the status of women.

Women's liberation scored a small victory by having a report drafted at the U.N. on the "sexism" of mass media, which were found to "lag behind the changes in attitudes and practices occurring in society at large." This report, states a resolution adopted in January by the Commission on the Status of Women, "substantiates the concern . . . that the mass communications media perpetuate the traditional deep-rooted attitudes held by men and women about the roles of women in present-day society, and that the influence of the mass communications media in the determination of cultural patterns hinders efforts to promote equal rights of men and women in the integration of women in the development effort." □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 354)*

who pay an average $513 tuition, books and supplies to attend public college. . . .

G.I. Bill payments have risen 70 per cent under President Nixon and he has requested another 8 per cent increase.

Other items concerning service to Vietnam veterans: V.A.'s medical budget of $2.7 billion is a record, almost double that of four years ago. More veterans of all eras receive health care and V.A. hospitals have added thousands of employees. Hospital patients exceeded 1 million last year.

Nearly 750,000 Vietnam veterans have bought homes with G.I. loans.

The unemployment rate for Vietnam veterans was 4.4 per cent at the end of 1973, compared with 11 per cent in early 1971—still too high but the trend is encouraging.

As to V.A. employment practices, V.A.'s record in hiring Vietnam veterans and "minority" citizens is unsurpassed in the federal government. More than 10 per cent—some 20,000—of V.A.'s employees are Vietnam veterans. . . .

Donald E. Johnson, Administrator, Veterans Administration

correction

The title of Jo Freeman's anthology, mentioned in connection with her article, "The New Feminism" (*The Nation*, March 9), was given incorrectly. It is *Women: A Feminist Perspective.*

The Editors

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

To Liberate the Free Press, Radio, Television . . . .

DEADLINE FOR THE MEDIA: Today's Challenges to the Press, TV and Radio. *By James Aronson. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 327 pp. $8.95.*

MAX GORDON

Some four years ago I received in the mail a tabloid-size newspaper entitled *The Bond* along with a request for money for its publishers, the American Servicemen's Union.

On reading the paper, I sent not only a contribution but an admiring note saying that in the light of my own experience in the social wars of the 1930s and after, I could only gasp in amazement at the audacious and imaginative way that *The Bond*'s servicemen-publishers assailed both their military bosses and the war in Vietnam. I got the impression then that the upheaval of the 1960s, like that of the 1930s, had produced no revolution but had nevertheless changed the country in important and enduring ways, mainly through the experience of its participants. In both cases, the continuous struggle for a humane, egalitarian, popularly controlled society was lifted to a higher ground.

The impression is heightened by James Aronson's examination of new developments in the communications media generated by the later upheaval, including such items as *The Bond*. Aronson, a veteran journalist of independent radical persuasion, indicates in his *Deadline for the Media* that within the Establishment press and outside of it there are trends which promise more effective resistance to arbitrary government and corporate power.

This is one side of Aronson's wide-ranging, if at times sketchy, description and evaluation of the many-sided changes in the communications media as the nation passed into the 1970s. Some of these changes will doubtless be surprising even to avid media consumers. These include the startling growth of the irreverent, freewheeling "underground" press, both civilian and military; the rise of "gadfly" journalism reviews in fifteen cities; the impact of the black and women's liberation movements on the personnel and editorial policies of the Establishment press; the incipient pressures within the Establishment press for staff participation in the determination of editorial and management policy (much further advanced in Europe) and for greater accountability to the communities in which newspapers and television stations operate.

Aronson's account of the rise, scope and character of the underground G.I. press is instructive. A single California draft resister initiated it by publishing fourteen issues of *The Bond* between June and November 1967, and distributing them at Pacific Coast bases. Tied up in legal actions over his draft status, he turned the paper over to the newly organized American Servicemen's Union which still puts it out today. The ASU has, or has had, more than 10,000 members at any one time on more than 100 bases in the United States and overseas, and on dozens of naval vessels. Circulation of *The Bond* has gone as high as 100,000. Matched in longevity and readership by another underground national service monthly, *The Ally*, associated with the draft resistance movement, it has also been joined by more than 150 local papers on or near military bases throughout the world, with varying longevity. The papers are strikingly bold and refreshing in their frontal attacks on military authority and policy. They reflect, in Aronson's words, "a mood of rebellion and defiance." In published letters servicemen express amazement, as did I, that such papers exist.

Their impact has been large. Aronson insists, and he is not alone in this, that the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam was due less to the alleged success of "Vietnamization" than to the almost universal disaffection on the part of U.S. servicemen, which these papers both expressed and fomented. They certainly compelled broad revisions of authoritarian military practice and relaxation of controls over the official military media, and probably encouraged the decision to end the draft. Scores of thousands of young men first heard of the "ruling class," "imperialism," "national oppression" through these papers. The experience has radicalized large numbers of primarily working-class youth, a phenomenon which has largely escaped national attention though the effects, I suspect, are with us in innumerable intangible ways.

Aronson is also preoccupied with another kind of change in the communications media during the past decade, the altered relations with the federal government. As opposition to the Indochinese war developed, the media's collaboration in the deceptions and myth-making of the cold war gave way to at least partial challenge to official deceit. The challenge came to its climax with the publication of excerpts from the Pentagon Papers, first by *The New York Times* and then by seventeen other newspapers. This raised in sharp form several complex questions concerning the media's role as adversary to government, a role which the Jeffersonian founders considered to be of the essence of the principle of freedom of the press. How the communications media have fulfilled this role, or can be compelled to fulfil it by internal and external pressures, is the book's central theme.

Aronson believes, properly I think, that the *Times* and the newspapers joining it performed a remarkable public service in publishing parts of the Pentagon Papers. But, he adds, they failed to acknowledge their own responsibility for having promoted the mythology justifying U.S. policy. Nor did they ever define clearly the pervasive nature of the deceit exposed by the Pentagon Papers. The emphasis was on a few specific instances of deceit, obscuring the essential fact that from the outset the rationale for Washington's intervention was based on falsehood. Publication of the Pentagon Papers, Aronson rightly observes, should have inspired a searching inquiry into the origins and nature of the cold war, the relations between government and media with respect to the war, the responsibility of the media to the public. Such an inquiry would have compelled the media to examine its own past handling of Indochina in the light of the reality as confirmed by the Pentagon Papers. I say "confirmed" because, as Aronson indicates, the essential story revealed by the Pentagon Papers had been readily available all along. Scores of historians and commentators—this reviewer among them—had told it, with copious documentation from the record, years before publication of the Pentagon Papers. Ignorance was

Max Gordon, a former member of the editorial board of The Daily Worker, *resigned from the Communist Party in 1958. He is now a free-lance writer.*

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not the basis for the gap between the reality and the media's presentation of it before the public had become disenchanted with the war. The reasons for this gap are dealt with in Aronson's earlier work, *The Press and the Cold War.*

The *Times* and other papers began to oppose the war when it was clear that it could not be won militarily, and on that ground. They have avoided confronting the lawless nature of U.S. foreign policy, which has from the outset sought Vietnam's dismemberment and the imposition on the South of regimes selected by the U.S. Government. Any such confrontation would have involved self-criticism, a process they refuse to undertake.

Both in public justification and legal defense of publication of the Pentagon Papers, the *Times* and the *Boston Globe* have argued that no threat to national security was involved since the Pentagon Papers "belonged to history." The conclusion, Aronson argues, is that under similar circumstances the press would not publish material relating to current developments, no matter how much disclosure would serve the public interest. From his point of view, this position suggests that the *Times* does not really subscribe to the principle of the people's right to know. The only appropriate stance for a free press in a democracy, he insists, is that of an adversary to government, not a collaborator. The debate between the media and the Nixon Administration has been circumscribed by the limited nature of media dissent, and by the general tendency of publishers and editors to embrace the "national interest" as defined by government policy.

The debate has also been circumscribed by the Nixon Administration's tactics of intimidation and harassment. The tactics included Spiro Agnew's verbal assaults on the media's criticism of government policies, with an implied threat to television license renewals; widespread use of subpoenas against both television and press reporters and their employers, ostensibly to obtain evidence of crime but in fact to harass and intimidate; and the wide use of informants, masquerading as newsmen, by military intelligence, the FBI and local police.

Agnew's anti-media drive—according to a pro-Nixon news columnist, "bold and calculated beyond anything previously dared by a President"—was designed in part to mute news of opposition to the war, but primarily to cut off commentaries on Nixon's speeches so as to permit him to continue to lie without fear of exposure, to inhibit criticism and to deter tough questioning at press conferences. John Oakes, the editor of the editorial page of the *Times*, conceded in an interview cited by Aronson that Agnew had succeeded in "toning down" his paper's dissent. Newscasts were demonstrably tamed, and at White House press conferences correspondents "behaved more like governmental publicity men than inquiring reporters."

Sweeping use has also been made of the government's subpoena powers. In the past, law-enforcement agencies had often requested, and through negotiations had obtained, subpoenaed items under defined conditions. Whatever the merits of the practice, it had been limited in scope and conducted without publicity or public controversy. But the sweeping nature of the Nixon Administration's operations, intended both as harassment of the media and as dragnet expeditions against radical groups, was of a different order. Aronson reports that in some thirty months CBS and NBC, and their wholly owned subsidiaries, were served with well over 100 subpoenas.

Wide public controversy arose when several reporters, generally backed by their employers, refused to turn over subpoenaed material. Not by chance, the first major conflict involved a black reporter, Earl Caldwell of the *Times*. Materials involving militant black groups were particular government targets. Aronson discusses in some detail the issues involved in the subpoena struggle, particularly differences among those resisting the government. Whereas Caldwell and others insisted upon the absolute privilege of newsmen to keep their sources confidential, the *Times*'s position was that the privilege did not hold if a "compelling need" for the requested information was established and it was not obtainable elsewhere. The Nixon Supreme Court denied the privilege altogether with respect to confidential information in grand jury proceedings, which the Caldwell case involved.

Aronson also reports the expanded use of press credentials by military intelligence, the FBI and police informers in recent years. He documents this, as well as the systematic collaboration of certain reactionary newsmen with the police agencies. He cites, most shockingly, a speech by Governor Reagan urging the California Publishers' Association to issue press cards to police infiltrators; Reagan received "a standing ovation."

Ironically, the one area of journalism in which Aronson sees no significant change resulting from the upheaval of the 1960s is the established radical Socialist press. In a hurried glance at the Communist, Trotskyite and Socialist Labor Party press, he properly concludes that nothing has been altered, except that the Communist *Daily Worker* is now known as the *Daily World*. Unlike the New Left, Aronson observes, the *Daily World* continues to pay consistent attention to labor problems and union affairs. It also "continues to endorse Soviet foreign policy without deviation. . . ." I do not know why he confines the characterization to Soviet foreign policy. At a time when Communist parties in several other democratic countries are challenging not only Soviet foreign policy (specifically the intervention in Czechoslovakia and the conflict with China) but its repressive domestic practices, the American party and its paper remain disastrously, and absurdly, frozen in their positions of uncritical defense.

As a founder, and one-time editor and publisher of *The National Guardian*, Aronson understandably discusses in far greater detail the inner conflicts and problems of that independent radical weekly as it was buffeted by the turmoil of the 1960s. He resigned from the paper in 1967, following sharp policy differences with New Left staff members. After several splits and convolutions, he notes, the paper (now called *The Guardian*) has shifted back to a "Marxist-Leninist" position which, he says surprisingly, now resembles that of the old *National Guardian*, but with half the circulation. I say surprisingly because the current paper is uncritically Maoist, whereas, as Aronson observes, *The National Guardian* viewed itself as an independent radical paper identifying itself with no faction and providing a forum for various radical viewpoints.

Aronson is proud of the character and record of the paper with which he was associated, and of its independent radical outlook. His pride is justified, I think, with one major reservation. The Left has long been divided on the tactic of political coalition, as Aronson notes. He writes that after the Progressive Party's demise in 1952, *The National Guardian* refused to back "lesser evil" Democratic Presidential candidates, differing with other Left groups in this respect, and he implies that this is still his view. As I recall it, *The National Guardian* at one time opposed support for Democratic candidates for any office, but joined in the rejoicing when peace candidates won primaries. Without rehashing here this much-debated issue, let me note only that I believe the "lesser evil" characterization of the coalition tactic to be misleading. For the Socialist-minded—the only ones for whom the concept has significance—all capitalist politics are by definition "lesser evil," including the candidacy of a Henry Wallace. The term implies a parallel with the German experience of 1932,

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which was so vastly different as to distort the issue and obfuscate the debate.

Though the established radical Socialist press has remained largely unaffected by the 1960s, Aronson suggests that at least some of the hundreds of underground or "alternate" newspapers which developed out of the student rebellion, the anti-war protests and the militant black freedom movement may become standard-bearers of social change. He also makes mention of the rise of the radical Pacifica radio network, as well as of the government harassment it has had to face. While he sees this as a hopeful development, he is less sanguine about the prospects of listener-sponsored public broadcasting generally.

The black freedom movement has compelled the admission of black journalists and commentators into the white media to the extent of about 3 per cent of editorial workers. This has complicated the problems of the black press, which does not have the news-gathering resources of the white media. Aronson believes, though, that with the development of a corps of young black journalists who have gained both professional experience and knowledge of the white power structure, a new black press may emerge as a unifying force of considerable power in the black community.

At the center of his concern is the need for pressures on the Establishment press to compel it to take an adversary stance with respect to government, and to provide an alternative if it should fail to do so. This means, in effect, publication in the public interest regardless of government attitude. In the development of the instruments for such pressures within the Establishment media and the growth of alternative instruments outside of it, Aronson sees a basis for optimism.

He is not overwhelmingly persuasive on that score—largely, I think, because his projection for the media is made in isolation from the body politic, which in our country is defined by the intimate association of financial and political power. Severing that association is a radical political goal essential to the removal of actual and potential oppression in all aspects of social life, including the media. The new media developments which Aronson so ably describes are an element in the social process which may eventually lead to that goal, but they cannot themselves pin it down. □

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

Pale stone in a stream,
her head in dark-beaming light shot out like a tree
of light from her body—
pulled down, a white shade—
and a silhouette stood
listening, afraid
of me . . . as if I could.

Raphael Rudnik

Not a Great Year, but Drinkable

THE ROARING QUEEN. *By Wyndham Lewis. Edited and Introduced by Walter Allen. Liveright. 184 pp. $10.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Back in 1936, just before his satiric powers hit the skids, Wyndham Lewis wrote a funny, vicious little novel flaying the pomposity and absurdity of a gaggle of London literati gathered for a weekend at a fashionable country estate. The book was insouciantly accepted for publication by Jonathan Cape and then, for fear of a libel suit, suppressed by the firm in the eleventh hour. That was *The Roaring Queen.* Thirty-seven years later it has come up again, not perhaps as a "major literary discovery" puffed by the jacket blurb but as good vintage Lewis: outrageous and fantastic in parts, apparently truthful in others, opinionated, farcical, epigrammatic, parodic and—what one naturally expects of Lewis—vitriolic.

Like *The Apes of God* (1930), his long satire on the Bohemian art coteries of the 1920s that made palpable hits at the Sitwells, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, et al., *The Roaring Queen* is a *roman à clef*; and since the literary luminaries of the time and their lesser satellites were generally a closed constellation, it is not surprising that Lewis goes over some of the same territory covered in the earlier work. One needn't, however, dig around for the key in order to share in the venomous fun. For one thing, Walter Allen, in an introduction that balances wit, scholarship and judicious guesswork, has done whatever locksmithing might be necessary to let us in on the in-jokes and caricatures. For another, while time has consigned to obscurity many of the originals of Lewis' fictional avatars, it has not weakened their literary point.

With several notable exceptions. One of the funniest portraits in *The Roaring Queen* is that of the Hon. Baby Bucktrout, who gyrates through the novel with a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in hand, trying to seduce the cloddish gardener, Tom, in the toolshed. In real life, Baby ("a pocket Amazon") was the notorious Nancy Cunard, satirized by Huxley as the pneumatic Lucy Tantamount in *Point Counterpoint* and by Michael Arlen as Iris March in *The Green Hat.* Apart from her sizzling reputation as a free woman and *femme fatale*, Cunard also turned down *The Roaring Queen* when Lewis asked for an advance against royalties; hence the satire on her is not all that surprising, though its accuracy may be doubted. As may be the case with the portrait of Virginia Woolf who turns up in the novel as Rhoda Hyman, self-named recipient of the Year's Cleverest Literary Larceny Prize. The allusion here, one suspects, is to certain scenes in *Mrs. Dalloway,* which might be regarded as being indebted to similar ones in *Ulysses*—a critical conjecture Woolf never acknowledged, though literary historians, among them Professor Allen, seem to agree that the indebtedness is there.

"The one unmistakable figure, today as in 1936," the editor assures us, "is the central character, Samuel Shodbutt, who can only be Arnold Bennett." For personal and aesthetic reasons, Lewis had meant to "get" Bennett for some time. His personal disaffection from Bennett went back as far as 1918 when the eminent Edwardian was cool, nay gelid, to Lewis' *Tarr.* In his time Bennett was the arbiter of taste, a maker of literary reputations, and a breaker of them as well. From his heights as novel reviewer on the *Evening Standard,* Bennett exercised a greater influence on book sales than any other critic before or since. To his credit he was the first to recognize the genius of Faulkner, and his praise of *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes* in his column got the books published and appreciated in England well before they caught on in America.

But what really burned Lewis about Bennett was his indiscriminate taste, his "commercial philistinism," his substitution of "puff and blurb in place of criticism," and his promotion of book-publishing to big business. Bennett became for Lewis the arch-representative of aesthetic, and consequently social, decay. Given Bennett's own material success—from a humble clerkship he had acquired fame, riches, a steam yacht and an exquisite mistress—these were enough to

Robert Morris has most recently co-edited a collection of essays, The Achievement of Wiliam Styron, *to be published by the University of Georgia Press.*

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set Lewis grinding the ax. In one of the finest splashes of vitriol in the novel, Lewis does an acid sketch of Bennett-Shodbutt that owes little to subtlety or mere innuendo.

> She knew this shoddy sunset of blustering verbiage from A to Z, she saw perforce this tartuffian betrayal for what it was, the bombast of a buffoon. . . . She was expert enough to understand that this full-blooded imperial purple was but a thin suffusion at the best, an optical phenomenon of decline, before the plunge. . . . Shodbutt was there at the moment of the transition to the mass-produced book . . . poured out by the Book-magnates from their banks to dye and flood-light the whole firmament of the literary world a cheap red—with this bogus glow to mask the death of culture—so that it was easy to deafen the welkin with the sham bluffness of this small, vastly-inflated apostate.

Like other passages in the book that satirize Bennett, the style of this one suits the man. "Inflated" is the word here; and indeed Shodbutt never appears but the descriptions and dialogue swell and puff and wax orotund and portentous. Having a belly only slightly less prominent than his reputation made Bennett a kind of cartoon fat cat that Lewis' devastating satire could balloon to bursting.

It is, I think, this opulence, even overindulgence, in language, that gives *The Roaring Queen* a certain distinction beyond that of a mere curiosity of literature, and that permits its being read through more than once. It is certainly not its plot, which is as thin and ungainly as its best caricatures are solid and deft, and would, I fear, only evanesce in the telling. What Lewis was trying to do in this very short book was to parody the cults of literature and society that he especially loathed, and to do it in the confined setting of a literary weekend party; and though the novel moves rapidly, it gallops off, as Stephen Leacock once remarked about a hero of his, in all directions at once.

Thus, part way through, *The Roaring Queen* becomes something of a detective novel; we discover that a disappointed minor poet, Osorio Potter, is out to do Shodbutt some harm—perhaps even murder him. It becomes, too, something of a homosexual novel in that the "roaring queen" (with an appropriate, at least to Lewis' outrageous sense of what is appropriate, pun on "quean") is an undergraduate flit named Donald Butterboy who has written a novel, *It Takes Two to Make a Bedroom-Scene*, that Shodbutt is considering for the Book-of-the-Week prize. Butterboy is engaged to the aforementioned randy Baby Bucktrout, who prefers toolsheds to salons, actions to words, gardeners to Butterboys, and 1920s morals to 1890s manners—and so the book moves off into a parody of the youth-cult novel popularized by Huxley and Waugh. Lewis disposes of climax and denouement in about 10 pages with a murder, the advent of a private detective, a hilarious grilling of Samuel Shodbutt, and the breakup of the weekend: but the satirist has shot his bolt considerably before that, and the novel ends on a puerile crudity.

No one of course has ever commended Lewis for his good taste, though even the most rabid and sympathetic of his fans no doubt will boggle at the realization that he actually did restrain himself in not publishing *The Roaring Queen* until five years after Arnold Bennett's death. By then Bennett had all but fallen into neglect—the same fate reserved for Lewis not too many years later. The irony is that a book like *The Roaring Queen* might possibly pique renewed interest in two writers whose influence never extended much beyond their heydey. Lewis' fulgurant satires may prove more durable in the long run than Bennett's epics of realism. But I should much doubt that *The Roaring Queen*, despite its linguistic pyrotechnics and several funny scenes, will go far to annihilate a great Edwardian's reputation. Vitriol, after all, doesn't always travel very well, even in new bottles, and the decanted Bennett that Lewis gives us perhaps only teases the palate for more of Bennett himself. □

Who Makes Scarcity—God or Man?

MODELS OF DOOM: A Critique of THE LIMITS TO GROWTH. *Edited by H.S.D. Cole, Christopher Freeman, Marie Jahoda and K.L.R. Pavitt. Universe Books. 244 pp. $8. Paper $2.95.*

STEVEN D. ANTLER

The 1972 publication of *The Limits to Growth* gave rise to widespread discussions and controversy, a modest example being the two distinct treatments it received in *The Nation* itself (May 22, 1972; November 27, 1972). The book was an attempt to measure, by means of computer simulation of population growth and resources exploitation, the length of time it will take for present world resources to be depleted. The conclusion, an unnerving one for many readers, was that nonrenewable resources might be effectively depleted within their own lifetime. The mystique of computer print-outs and the near-magical nature of the mathematics of exponentiation lent these conclusions a great deal of credibility; yet while the study was aimed at an educated audience, it was not aimed at an audience of the authors' peers. Many of these took serious exception to its methods and conclusions, despite the widespread popular endorsement of the book.

The current setting—one of inflation, shortages, and the specter of rationing—is an excellent one in which to reconsider *The Limits to Growth*. For those interested in doing so, *Models of Doom: A Critique of The Limits to Growth* will prove invaluable.

The volume is a collection of fourteen essays, prepared by a research team based at the University of Sussex. While the collection will be of great use to students of the economics of global resources, its primary interest lies in the fact that it is the most comprehensive technical consideration of *The Limits to Growth* available at present.

Some of the technical objections to that book will be familiar to those who have followed the controversy. Its estimates of global resource reserves are pessimistically low; in some cases, for example, reserves within the Communist bloc are ignored, since data are obtained from or projected from Western industrial estimates only. The model of resource exploitation fails to make allowance for the possibilities of exploiting reserves that are at present uneconomic; it is too expensive now to exploit the astounding reserves of minerals in sea water, but that may not be the case twenty years from now—a possibility that *The Limits to Growth* fails to consider. The Sussex team argues that at nearly every juncture where hard data must be fed into the study's computer program, available figures were so incomplete as to make guesswork an integral part of the data-gathering process. In itself, this is not a particularly damning criticism; Meadows, and the other authors of *The Limits to Growth*, readily agree that their data are quite sketchy. Still at issue, however, is an important technical question: given a complete *set*

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of pessimistic data, how would *The Limits to Growth*'s computer program process this data?

The study dealt with this question in an intriguing way. It was conceded that the estimate of world resource reserves might be pessimistically low, so the computer program was run through a second time, with a value for reserves that was *twice* that of the original estimate. The computer's prediction was that global catastrophe would still ensue, albeit a few years later than originally predicted. Thus it was argued that the basic prediction still held, even if some data were poorly estimated: the predictions were "insensitive" to these errors, the basic facts of exponential population growth and fixed resources being the primary determinants of the prediction.

Not considered in *The Limits to Growth*, however, was the possibility of faulty predictions due to pessimistic estimates in two or more sectors. The "sensitivity test" with regard to world resource reserves was impressive: but what if the study underestimated the potential for growth in agriculture, overestimated likely levels of pollution concentration, underestimated resource reserves, and overestimated the cost of developing these reserves—all at the same time? *Models of Doom* tabulates the predictions yielded by the computer program of the study as, successively, better prospects for resource costs, pollution growth, and world agriculture are assumed. With each computer run gloomy prospects for the future become less and less firm, the model eventually appearing to suggest that "a high rate of growth is just as likely as a catastrophic collapse." *The Limits to Growth*'s predictions cannot, then, be accepted on their own terms as valid beyond a reasonable doubt. Its computer program yields optimistic predictions when fed optimistic data, and pessimistic predictions when fed pessimistic data. "Initial bias" is normally one of the most innocuous academic sins, but in the case of *The Limits to Growth* it is a serious matter. The scientific basis for as epic a set of policy recommendations as those found in that book must be as airtight as the present state of social science permits. The study simply fails to meet that condition.

What is the source of the study's pessimism? It is that *The Limits to Growth* seriously confuses the distinction between "technical" and "institutional" constraints on economic growth. Economics' rich uncle—always modestly in the background, raising the standard of living without revealing his role in the matter—is technical progress. While the anti-growth school of world ecology postures against technology, it ignores other work directed toward the question of why research tends to concentrate on certain problems while failing to direct its attention to others. Granted, cheap food is more important at this stage than inexpensive handheld calculators. The example proves not that technology fails to raise standards of living but rather that research and development are misdirected. There are *institutional* causes for this misdirection, well outlined by, among others, Baran and Sweezy. And while a whole literature in economics is devoted to this problem, *The Limits to Growth* abstracts the matter down to a few intuitive examples of how technological advance sometimes fails to raise standards of living.

In placing human institutions outside the boundaries of study, *The Limits to Growth* could only conclude that present and future scarcity—with its concomitant inflation—is a natural, rather than both a natural and institutional, phenomenon. This conclusion flies in the face of all economics, past and present, with one exception: the writings of Thomas Malthus.

While *Models of Doom* admirably tracks down the question of where, in the history of economic thought, we should file *The Limits to Growth*, it seems to me that its strongest conclusion is simply that M.I.T.'s version of world systems dynamics is nothing more than "Malthus with a computer." With Malthus, as with the M.I.T. group, institutions were placed outside the boundaries of the investigation; existing institutions were assumed to be proper for civilized folk, and at most to be aligned in accordance with the wishes of God (witness, for example, his celebrated moral objections to birth control). Ricardo examined the effects of natural scarcity on human institutions, while Marx constructed a marvelous structure showing scarcity to be primarily man's rather than nature's creation. Malthus alone derived conclusions from the simple mathematics of nature, which is why, perhaps, his contribution has been more appreciated by biologists than by economists.

"We are indeed Malthusians, at least in a broad, total-system sense," say Meadows and the other authors of *The Limits to Growth*. The M.I.T. group gets the final word in *Models of Doom*; their closing essay begins and ends with an expression of faith in Malthusian economics.

Malthus notwithstanding, social change is and always has been an effective remedy for scarcity. Redirecting priorities for research from military and prestige objectives to satisfying real social

Compelling new insights into the Mideast situation from the Arab point of view

THE ANGRY ARABS

By W. F. ABBOUSHI

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needs may seem uptopian, but it is certainly a less utopian remedy than that prescribed by *The Limits to Growth*. The upshot of *Models of Doom* is that we cannot purge our liberal guilt by lowering our standard of living, sorting bottles for recycling and learning to do without the frills of modern consumer society. Rather, we must examine and redirect the *priorities* of growth, applying technology to real needs, rather than to those needs imagined by government or corporate capitalism. □

MUSIC

RICHARD DYER

When Maria Callas was bluntly asked at her recent New York press conference if she sang as well as in the old days, she responded with that mixture of the elusive and the forthright that characterizes most of what she says about herself—and with a good humor that was new and surprising to me. "*Nobody* sings as well as in the old days!"

True enough, but her admirers uneasily wanted, indeed needed, to know more. Callas has been silent since 1965, but nobody has really gotten used to thinking of her work as done. It is still too *necessary*: the intensity of her commitment to what she did and the spaciousness of her accomplishment are a continuing rebuke to the kinds of peripheral attention we laze into paying to opera. Callas was one of those rare executant musicians whose achievements raised her to the level of creative ones. Greedily we wanted more.

Callas' uneasiness came because she knew just how much we were demanding. Our uneasiness came from her decision to return to the public not in opera but in concert, and with her old friend and colleague, Giuseppe di Stefano, a tenor who has been artistically bankrupt even longer than he has been vocally desperate. Part of what made Callas Callas was her unswerving allegiance to ideals that were never important to di Stefano; no one wanted to hear Callas compromised.

The reports of the appearances in Germany and England that preceded the American tour were disquieting, and they were corroborated by the tapes—few of the qualities we had valued were very consistently audible. Sounding insecure, even terrified, Callas sang a mostly uncongenial repertory (the Garden Scene from *Faust*, the Adina-Nemorino duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*); one familiar item, "Suicidio!," she sang only in transposition. We read that di Stefano was personally supportive, but the blowsy musicianship we heard was no proper context for a Callas: right down to the occasional note of wild glory, di Stefano's singing suggested those old travelers' descriptions of the howling of arctic wolves. The fumbling accompaniments of aged Ivor Newton made it impossible for Callas to reveal the rhythmic life of the music or to build any cumulative excitement because she was always having to stop and wait for him to get through most of the intervening notes of the accompaniment.

Consequently I didn't really want to go to Callas' Boston concert at Symphony Hall—yet there was no way I was going to miss it. And in fact it turned out to be one of the memorable evenings of a lifetime, though in ways I could not have anticipated.

Di Stefano was ill, and Callas agreed to go on alone because she knew, as she told us, that it was something she "had to do." She looked as if she had just stepped off an Attic vase; the cut of her red gown and her boldness of carriage, though not her warmth of demeanor, recalled those famous photos of her Medea. Accompanied unimaginatively by Robert Sutherland, she sang six arias: "Suicidio," "Vissi d'arte," "Voi lo sapete," "Sola, perduta, abbandonata," "Tu che le vanità" and "O mio babbino caro."

She told us she was very nervous, and she showed it; for the *Manon Lescaut* and *Don Carlo* arias she relied on a notebook with the words printed in large block letters ("I should have studied more," she said). All of that flashing arrogance that used to be an essential part of her artistic personality was gone. In the old days, she seemed to say, "I'm doing everything I can do, and it is up to you to understand it." In life's quirky way she has become oddly like her old "rival" Tebaldi, vulnerable and touching, needing all the support we could give her, then thriving on it—the singing grew more confident as the evening went on.

How did she sound? Well, the voice is still further reduced from what it was in 1965 when we last heard her; the breath to fill out the ends of phrases sometimes simply isn't there any more. She delivered her high notes (and there was nothing above B-flat) with her head turned to the side of the stage rather than to the back of the auditorium, and they were ropy in texture, bleached out of all color. The chest voice is still brazen, incisive, exciting, but pretty much all one color. Passages that began in the middle of the voice or that remained there for awhile sounded like the singing of Maria Callas—approached suddenly from above or below, that part of the voice simply collapsed into a thin, reedy, unresonant sound, almost as if she had receded from us into another room.

But it has been more than fifteen years since the actual sound of Callas' voice was a major enticement; we have learned to listen through her as much as to her. What is crucial now is that whenever her voice permits, she remains the same artist we knew; whenever the voice does not, there is still an ennobling struggle.

"Vissi d'arte" was the only out-and-out disaster, so frantic vocally that it was musically shapeless and, until the final fervent "cosí," dramatically null. The *Don Carlo* aria was delivered with considerable breadth of phrase and majesty, and with some technical feats one had thought beyond her. Consider those repeated low D's at the end of the phrase "e quest'eternità un giorno sol durò" which she began with a dark full-chest coloration and gradually brightened until the registration was nearly reversed—a process of tonal coloring and clarification that underlined, at least for me, the healing clarity of Elisabetta's self-awareness at this moment, the anguish and anger in her wisdom; remarkable too was the smile of anticipation and regret that suffused Callas' face at "Carlo qui verrà!"

Vocally "O mio babbino caro" was impossible—the piece doesn't work as a cornet solo—but the girlish skip with which Callas rounded the bend of the piano, the pleading of the eyes, the teasing of the mouth were irresistible. Best of all was the *Cavalleria* aria, which is a narrative piece: vocally secure, Callas told Santuzza's story with variety and agony and eloquence, the hands another register of the voice, another enactment of the soul.

It was moments like these that turned the frantic, fabricated enthusiasm of the crowd into an authentic ovation at the end. But there was unease even in that—every reaction to Maria Callas suggests a truth about its contrary, a necessity for qualification, for she is an artist whose antipodes are also magnetic poles.

Though she spoke repeatedly of the future, the magic casements Callas opened were all on the past—and not the most interesting part of her past at that, for apart from Tosca, the *verismo* heroines were not what called forth Callas' deepest responses, or our own. Callas dilated "Voi lo sapete," investing it with meanings larger than itself—but then she used to do that with Norma and Medea and Violetta too; in this context there is a real sense in which even a very great performance of "Voi lo sapete" doesn't amount to very much.

Though the evening brought those musical illuminations we had demanded but dared not expect, it moved me mostly

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because it was such a human triumph, the triumph of an artistic personality, the triumph of a will, still daring and risking much when it sets out to dominate ever more refractory means. I do not think we can expect to see Maria Callas onstage in an operatic role again, but her human and artistic adventure is not yet done.

Callas has long commanded our attention, our respect, our gratitude, our awe. Now in her struggle and in her exhaustion she asks and earns, at cost to herself and to us, what she had never before seemed to need, our love. □

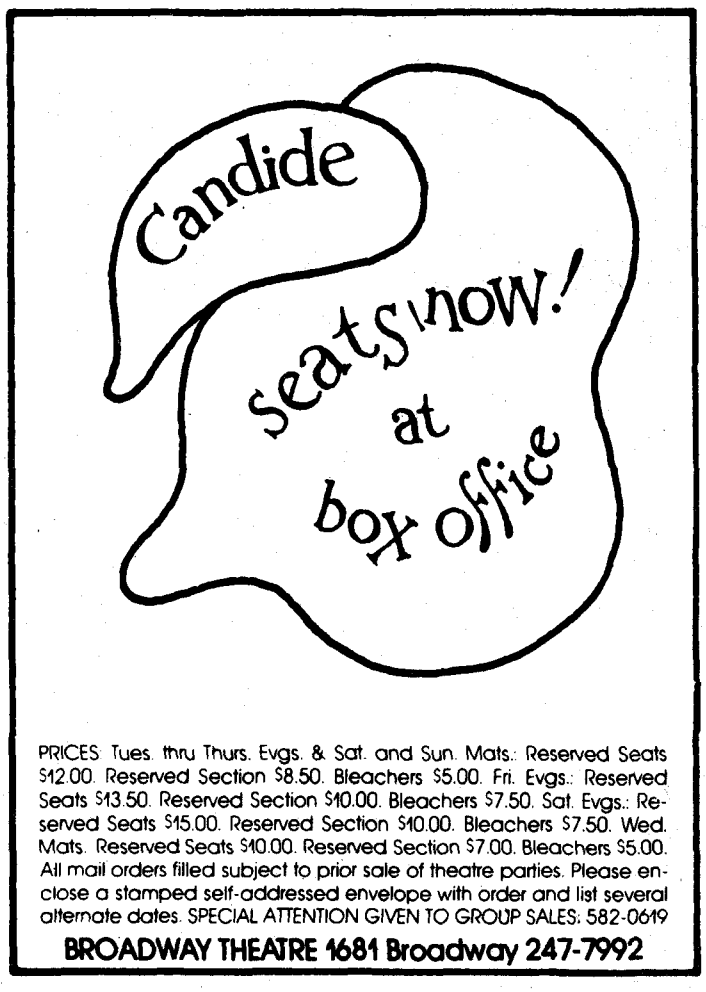
DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Merce Cunningham and dance company were at the Brooklyn Academy of Music the first weekend in March in what was one of their first get-togethers since they disbanded temporarily last spring. Considering that they had not performed as a group for so long and that four of the eleven-member company are newcomers, one might have expected a settling-in performance. Not so. The March 1st concert was an evening to be remembered, one when all the elements —dancing, choreography, music and lighting—joined in pensive beauty. The old dancers and the new—Ellen Cornfield, Cathy Kerr, Charles Moulton and Julie Roess-Smith—were luminescent, with a sweet gravity and elegance that only Cunningham people choose to bring to modern dance, and which they seem to inspire in one another. They have a very special, almost ahuman aura which, oddly enough, was intensified by the dancers' proximity to the audience at the Lepercq Space, a newly refurbished theatre in the BAM building. The dancers' faces are expressionless, conventionally speaking, but alert with dispassionate concentration—dispassionate because the Cunningham dancers have third eyes by which they check, balance and weigh. When they dance in physical contact the point of recognition is more in the torso, or diffused through the whole body, than in the face and hands. Though much of the dancing is done in physical isolation, one senses invisible lines of connection as well as the visual connections supplied by Cunningham as choreographer. All of this carries an air of extraordinary intimacy born out of extra- (perhaps it is deeply intra-) sensory perceptions, certainly not human and too refined for animal life, even insect life. So one must call them creatures in some other plane of evolution. At this performance they were always on that other plane even though, sitting some 6 feet away from the stage, one could hear them pant and see them sweat, and though some of the choreography was downright high jinks.

The ease and familiarity with which the dancers moved side by side was not the only happy surprise. In recent seasons Cunningham programs have invariably consisted not of separate ballets but of chunks of them welded into one Event, which runs without intermission for about seventy-five minutes. The Events I have seen tended to be unsatisfactorily structured in overall design, full of wonderful moments but in the end inconclusive. However, the present Event, No. 89, which delved into *TV Rerun*, *Changing Steps*, *Loops*, and possibly fragments from a Cunningham ballet to be, looked like a whole unto itself, mainly because the excerpts were organized conventionally. It had a beginning: slow, stretching exercises for everyone, which often open a Cunningham ballet; and it had an end: an allegro series of runs and jumps done in unison. Since the series was repeated three times with sustained high energy, the end was a full-fledged finale, though not without a touch of Cunningham humor. On the final take, two of the women faced the "wrong" way. The other sections clearly alternated between allegro and adagio, group and individual(s). The idea was balanced variation, which always works so long as neither balance nor variation is pressed too hard. Cunningham never presses for an effect; he doesn't seem to fear subtlety and good taste (in fact, he is proof that they do not dilute effect). Finally, there was unity of tone with one exception, a madcap sequence in which a couple does a stomping quasi-polka in a tight circle while a jittery third dancer attempts to break into their blustery conversation. But this too had an antecedent—when Cunningham latched onto the shoulders of the interloper-to-be, Valda Setterfield, and crazily zigzagged her through the others with the determined distraction of hyperactive mice in the wrong maze.

Even the musicians, normally the most pugnacious of Cunningham's crew, were in the mood for quiet beauty most of the time. Sitting on a balcony high in the Lepercq Space so that they watched over the dancers from a benign distance, David Behrman, Jacques Bekaert, John Cage and Gordon Mumma arranged a collage of the nature sounds one asso-



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ciates with dusk, and tapping sounds that created a tone of mystery and expectation. They had the devil in them only twice. The first was when they played a raucous "out now" chant from a political rally as the dancers stretched slowly in shadowed light. The second interjection could have been just as self-consciously out of place but instead contributed a context to one of Cunningham's more idiosyncratic solos, which has cropped up on other occasions. The music was a dead-ended conversation between a pro- and anti-Nixonite. Cunningham walked about on tiptoe, this time vaguely distracted, while his fluttery hands swiped at the air. This solo is usually notable for its total unconnectedness. It's Cunningham at his most daft. With the addition of dialogue, however, one could say he was fighting, though laconically, the static of political cocktail conversation. Most of the choreography, however, was recent mainstream Cunningham—serene, flowing almost to the point of ballet, and introspective—and no music suits it better than the soft, content whirr of crickets at nightfall. I wish these sounds would accompany the dancers all the time, but this cannot be. Cunningham is as committed to the work of *avant-garde* composers as he is to his own choreography, and while he choreographs in many ways with traditional values, the "bad boy" in him emerges in the music.

Event No. 89 had many wonderful *moments* too. There was a fussy trio that suddenly unraveled itself as the three quickly hopped off in arabesque with the brio of champagne. Two girls facing each other with their outside legs in attitude had the same perfection of linear shape, the same combination of newness and inevitability that marks the pictures Balanchine made out of three girls' limbs in *Apollo*. For a few moments two women stared at each other and played a game as though in a dream. Woman A folded her arm. Woman B touched A's elbow. A folded the other arm. B touched that elbow. B lowered her arms, raised them and pushed A's arms away as though she were making her way through mist. Then they repeated the pattern, several times. Pretty soon the game became a ceremony, but of what? It did not matter. The most ravishing moment, for me, was when Cathy Kerr, a ballet-type dancer with limber hip joints and high insteps, repeatedly and slowly unfolded her leg into arabesque and folded it back to her standing leg, with the ankle just barely touching her lower calf. Her arms were quite still but her back arched and contracted in time with the bending and straightening of both legs, and as she leaned against a man for balance, he watched her as intently as I did. Intriguing it is that the more clearly one can see movement the more mysterious it becomes. This paradox is one key to understanding the power of Cunningham's choreography, but how does one explain the workings of the paradox beyond its obvious indebtedness to the dancers' skills? □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Between February 28 and March 6, excellent performances and especially fine acting marked three openings: that of *Noel Coward In Two Keys* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre), of *The Sea Horse* at the Circle Repertory Theatre and of *Over Here!*, a musical at the Shubert Theatre.

The Coward evening consists of two one-act pieces, the first of which is called "Come Into the Garden Maud." When this was over, I remarked that it was Noel Coward at the end of his wits. In it, a wealthy American businessman, traveling in Europe with his pushy wife, falls in love with an Italian *principessa*, the agreeably sophisticated widow of a Sicilian prince. The businessman is an honest, good-natured fellow bored by his wife's ambition to achieve status in European high society. The *principessa* is a blithe spirit without conventional prejudices. The nice American husband quits his silly wife to run off for Italian adventure and romance with the amiable expatriate.

Coward always salted his dialogue with bright quips, of which there are several in "Maud," but it remains only a curtain raiser to the more serious piece called "A Song at Twilight." This may have been Coward's last play and, in a way, a confessional statement. For some, it is a partial portrait of Somerset Maugham; its self-reference is also probable.

This "song" is about an aging and eminently successful novelist, Hugo Latymer, married to a German woman who serves as his business manager, secretary, literary representative and consistent all-around aide. An American actress, formerly Latymer's mistress, turns up after many years to ask his permission to publish the love letters he had written her. He refuses, and to force his hand, she tells him she has found much more genuinely ardent letters that he wrote long ago to a young man. These she proposes to submit to a professor who is writing a book on Latymer. He would then be publicly known as a homosexual.

The contest between Latymer and the actress, Carlotta Gray, is resolved when Hilde, Latymer's German wife, declares that she has always been aware of her husband's sexual predisposition, but she has stayed with him because, having lost her true love, a man killed by the Nazis, she found in Latymer a genuinely helpful and kind being whom she could admire and to whom she could lend support. Her noble statement—in the best scene of the play—so moves Carlotta that she relinquishes the embarrassing correspondence to Latymer, while he, in turn, moved by his wife's high-mindedness, consents to allow Carlotta to dispose of his letters in any way she wishes and thus reveal himself to the world.

The play is neatly wrought and gleams with Coward's gift for repartee of polished insult. It is civilized in the manner of smooth best-sellerdom. But it is largely hollow, a glossy surface without truly original insight. Its "psychology" and daring have been made familiar through many earlier writers and thus acceptable through facile social consent. Their echo here is merely adaptive *politesse*. What strikes one most in the play is that Latymer's real flaw is not his sexual anomaly but his not deeply caring for anything but his craft, career, comfort and "stardom" in the literary arena.

The chief interest of the evening is in Hume Cronyn's superb performance, admirably seconded by Jessica Tandy and Anne Baxter. Cronyn is one of the most ingratiating character actors on our stage. He is light, precise, wittily observant, and he possesses a special quality of benevolence withal. He and Jessica Tandy overdo the "Americanism" of the first piece, but Americans like to laugh at their cute "provinciality," especially as caricatured by the oh-so-smart British: the exaggeration matches the material.

In the more serious item of the evening, Cronyn's skill becomes brilliantly evident in every detail. His pursed lips, which cover false teeth, the spirit of complacent malice in the eyes, the pride in his *bons mots*, are all conveyed with charming economy and clarity. The supreme moment of Cronyn's performance is the one in which his face reddens and his body trembles with remembered emotion as he silently reads his letters to his erstwhile lover. Whether this effect is created spontaneously through a leap of the actor's imagination or through a technical trick, only the actor

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RECKONING

Had I known, had I known
I'd have had your tears bathe
The whole of my mouth perhaps
Till stillness and your laden limbs met
In stopping my ears from counting:
But I have always reckoned stars by their number.

So now I've come to stand in this lake
Know you nightly
Reckon inches
Hear you move
(Back, forth, back)
Crane my neck or reach out
(Counting, recounting stars) and your tears
Crack my lips and have branches
That blow fruits from the lurch of my fingers.
But I have always reckoned stars by their number.

I measure it all by motes and bounds:
Fixed in place
I will not risk the pain of flying
But keep between us
The light years of our constant, concrete space:
I have always accounted your tears by their number.

Dan Eneman

himself can say—and I can only guess! It certainly "gets over."

Jessica Tandy, who never before looked so beautiful as in these Coward pieces, was funny in the first and touching in the dignity of the second—in which, by the way, her slight German accent is exactly right and surprisingly becoming. Anne Baxter brings her natural breeding and sympathetic intelligence to the engaging princess in the opening "key," and sharpness of mind to the somewhat hardened actress she plays in the later "key."

Vivian Matalon's direction is unobtrusively inventive and fleet throughout, with the right touch in both the humorous and the graver aspects of the plays. Ray Diffen's costumes deserve special commendation: they contribute something to the actors' characterizations.

The Circle Repertory Theatre Company, which occupies a small space at 2307 Broadway between 83rd and 84th Streets, has developed a style of its own. The producers of *The Hot L Baltimore, When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder*, and now *The Sea Horse* by James Irwin display a distinct personality. It corresponds to the theatre's locale. It is, in a meritorious sense, a neighborhood theatre. The neighborhood runs a gamut from lower middle-class to "bohemian," and also comprises the raffish, the near-criminal, the ill-paid worker, the lonely, the stray and the alarmed semi-prosperous. What strikes the visitor's eye is the number of cheerful popular restaurants and less favored drinking places and rather sad hotels to be found there.

The plays, which reflect a moral climate of this nature, are almost always singularly well acted. *The Sea Horse*, for example, is about a little bar on the West Coast waterfront, owned by a solitary woman who we learn has suffered many harsh experiences. Her seaman father was murdered when she was very young. When she married, the husband she loved opened the "Sea Horse" saloon, and then, for some unexplained reason, turned brutal and left her. She has become leery of love, uncommunicative about her past, and fiercely resistant to any expression of committed affection. A woman of normal appetites, she takes on occasional lovers, but refuses to extend herself beyond momentary intimacy. At the same time, she commands respect from all, inspiring it by the menace of an efficient combativeness.

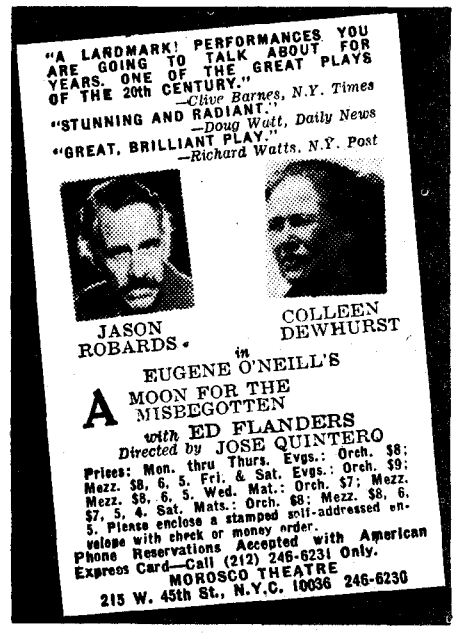
One such lover, also a seaman, has become genuinely devoted to her and she, in a way, to him. But she bitterly fights off the idea of any permanent attachment. The play dramatizes the manner in which the seaman overcomes her fearfully embattled resistance to love through the intensity of his. As the play ends, she keeps repeating "I don't trust you," while he replies over and over "You will," until she breaks down into a clinging embrace.

It is a modest and perhaps sentimental play, but it bears an impress of authenticity that makes it persuasive. What makes it wholly worthwhile is the acting of Edward J. Moore and, more especially, that of Conchata Ferrell.

Miss Ferrell played the resolutely lusty tart in *The Hot L Baltimore* with captivating gusto. In *The Sea Horse* she plays the doughty and unhappy saloon proprietor with sovereign authority and a winning warmth. Her acting here is unostentatious and particularly convincing through the moment by moment continuity of physical and emotional veracity. She is endowed with the kind of unerring instinct which also produces technical proficiency in total relaxation. She is moving both in comedy and in pathos because in both she is a complete woman, a true person. We shall not forget her.

Marshall Mason, the Circle's leader, has directed *The Sea Horse* with sensitive appreciation of the text's requirements and, even better, with regard for the nature of the play's two actors.

I shall leave more extended review of *Over Here!* till next week. Suffice it now to say that this jamboree with music and lyrics by Robert B. Sherman and Richard M. Sherman, with a book by Will Holt, starring the Andrews Sisters, pleased me extravagantly. My pleasure was due not only to the expert production directed by Tom Moore and the ingenuity of the setting designed by Douglas W. Schmidt but also to the numerous talents engaged in the company, and to the extraordinarily astute gaiety in Patricia Birch's treatment of the musical numbers and dances. What is crucial in this showy show which so mingles night-club fare with several other theatrical ingredients, is that it results in an expression of more significance than the naming of its separate elements could imply. What exactly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Over Here! expresses will, I repeat, be the subject of my forthcoming notice. □

I would like to apologize for an error in my March 16th column when I wrote: "Brecht has his 'Rimbaud' (Baal, the eponymous anti-hero of the play) murdered by a man he has ruined." In fact it is Baal who kills the man he has seduced. In a London production years ago, I recall Baal crawling away on his belly like a stricken animal.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Smith Haven Mall opened four years ago. Located on a site between Brookhaven and Smithtown, it is a major retailing center for suburban Long Island, and publicity described the mall as being "designed as a show place." A part of its claim to prestige was the cluster of sculptures and paintings displayed in it. Leonard Holzer, an executive of the N.K. Winston Corp., the developer of the mall, commented on the art. It was not, he said, the first time that painting and sculpture had been installed in an EMAC (Enclosed Mall Air Conditioned), but previously the works had been thematic, commissions linked to trade and local interests. Smith Haven, on the contrary, got "bright, exciting modern art" by nine artists, including Alexander Calder, Jim Dine, Larry Rivers and Jack Youngerman.

"Naturally, they're well-insured," Holzer explained, "but the size and weight of the pieces practically prohibits their removal by unauthorized persons. Besides being permanently fixed in place, they'll be constantly in view of countless shoppers during the day, and the center is well patrolled after hours." Holzer is bringing art to the masses with a full sense of the risks of vandalism and theft, but believes that a mix of public opinion and security programs will protect the precious objects. (I am grateful to my student Loreen Szczepanik for her research on the mall.)

It turns out, on visiting the mall, that the works of art are in trouble, mainly from the N.K. Winston Corp. and its executives. Having contributed the art, they show no interest in preserving it. Presumably they have moved on to fresh malls and condominiums new. The Smith Haven Mall is first a shopping center and second a social service for spaced-out (horizontally scattered, that is) suburbanities. The EMAC is used as a meeting place by desperate mothers with noisy children and by teen-agers with unfocused leisure time. The question is, what role has art in this newly constructed environment?

The mall is cruciform in plan, with a large central space and four radiating arms that lead to big stores, Macy's, for instance, and Sears. Between the center and the climax of each vista are brightly lit, smartly designed, well-kept, smaller stores with varied fascias over identical spaces. The row effect gives a tidy pattern to what might otherwise be guilty abundance. Among these shiny, fresh and well cared for arrays of new goods, there are strange points of dilapidation, nodes of decay in the happy traffic pattern. These islands of entropy in an otherwise elegant and renewed environment are the works that comprise the mall's "$250,000" art collection. Their decayed and collapsing state raises a serious problem. Is it sufficient to put works of art into public places, and then walk away? If you set a work of art into a commercial space, is it moral, after its initial use for publicity has been expended, not to provide for its care and maintenance?

Consider what has happened to the 24-foot-high Calder. It was originally placed in the central court, a sunken area under a dome. The sculpture was an irregular red tripod that rose to a narrow point from which a spray of mobile units opened out. Since its installation it has been moved, however, to one of the malls, where the ceilings are lower. This caused a space problem which was solved with Procrustean simplicity: the free-moving top story was removed to leave only the supporting triangular structure. It really should be seen to be believed: it is the only topless Calder. Who had the authority to move the sculpture in such a way as to destroy it? Is there no corrective mechanism within the corporate structure of the mall to correct such abuses? I can understand the reason for moving it: the sculpture took up space at the center of the mall on which multiple claims are made. For instance, the first time I went there an army band had occupied the area, playing staid rock as part of a recruitment drive. What I cannot understand, however, is that it was possible to move the sculpture in a senselessly destructive manner. As it stands now, your eye is lead upward to a pivot, a constricted and premature point instead of an orbital sweep.

What happens to paintings in the mall? Jack Youngerman contributed a two-sided painting, in which a white, blue and yellow flat pattern is repeated on both faces, though reversed. It hangs high, across the "Peacock Mall," which also has an aviary from which, it seems, the birds keep escaping. As a result, the clean color and sharp boundaries of Youngerman's abstraction are streaked and encrusted with bird droppings. Is there nobody in the mall whose responsibility it is to clean and repair the works of art? Do the artists not feel that their work is being abused beyond bearing? Have the artists' galleries no power or will to protect their artists? Or, does everybody's interest conclude with the *sale* of the work?

This is not a complete list of the deplorable conditions in Smith Haven Mall's short-winded venture into public art. A big Larry Rivers spans one of the malls: it depends on a sequence of lights, which are not working; it is an assemblage of various materials and, in the right half, the plastic background is peeling away and hanging loose. The result is that the most widely seen Rivers in the world is now offered in a form that is a caricature of what he actually made.

What we are faced with here is an exceptionally cynical example of a general tendency of corporate patronage. Art is important to business at one point usually, when new buildings are constructed or existing plant is extended. That is the moment of the happy marriage of largesse and prestige; afterward the mural or the foyer sculpture exists in benign neglect. However, the mall's failure to provide for the maintenance of its acquisitions is a unique act of destruction. When the works are not deteriorating physically, they are abused in other ways. For instance, Jim Dine has a big four-piece sculpture of a green hand, a yellow moon, a blue star and a red shoe. It stands on patches of threadbare artificial grass and last week a tangle of cables ran through the pieces, supplying power for a special display of vacation trailers which all but concealed the Dine. Some "showplace." I appreciate the necessity for changing displays at the mall, but the works of art should be part of a soundly conceived traffic system that would prevent such tawdry encroachments. □

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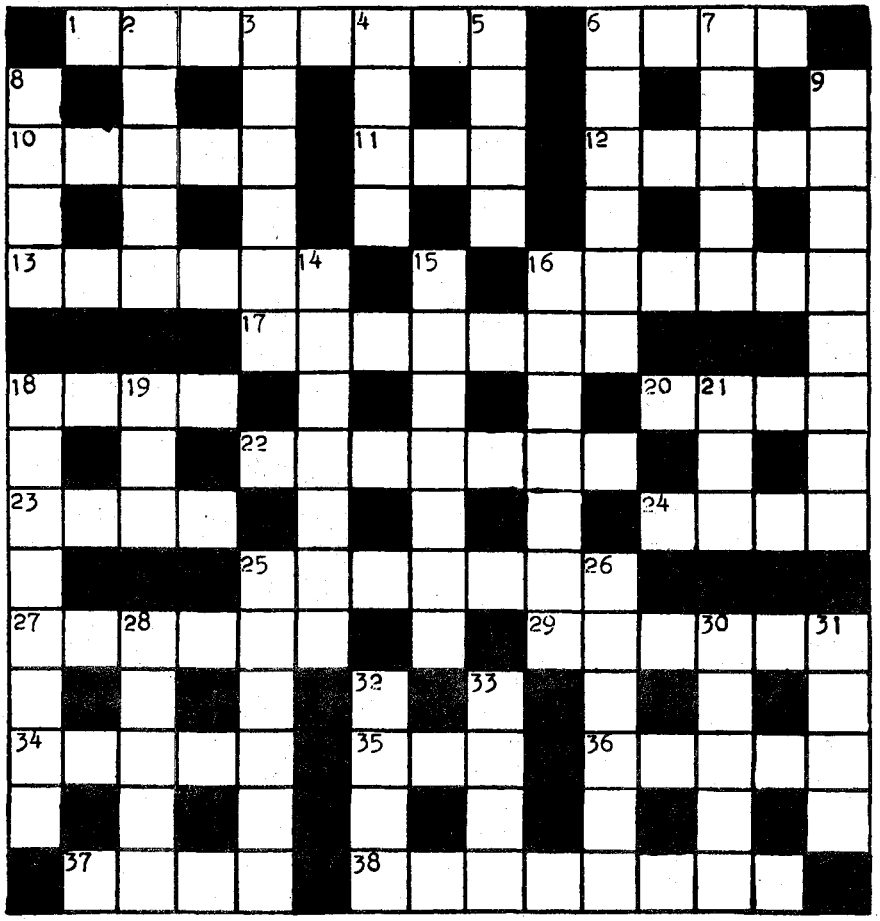
Crossword Puzzle No. 1530

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Didn't necessarily pass on the best information gathered by spies, when the dog is around back. (8)
10 Giving him a going-over shows the perfect state of the insect! (5)
11 Drowned valley. (3)
12 You don't take advantage of the clinch with the type that can get clipped. (5)
16 The sort of screen used in church, perhaps. (6)
17 Aquarius is the one, applied to parts of Jan.-Feb., as one might officially acknowledge. (4,3)
18 Mail station? (4)
20 The lowest auction bid could be one, but a spoon might be so old-fashioned.
22 Perhaps shiny new quarters for one, if you do. (7)
23 Evidently the type that Graham Greene went along with. (4)
25 Reaching home safely, but a gash might have resulted from it. (7)
27 In the shop, a question of something shady. (6)
29 It might put one in a good condition for 25 across. (6)
34, 35 and 36 Follows through, yet maintains a single defense. (5,4,4)
37 and 2 down The job of a churchman might be over, to rhetorize. (9)
38 Performed an abstract operation, and accomplished something about the romantic deed. (8)

DOWN

3 and 4 There's no joy in meeting one who sacks a coastal town. (10)
4 and 24 Do they involve carrying wine that evidently keeps well? (8)
5 and 6 Certainly not an active linesman going smack in the middle! (4,6)
7 and 8 The things at first one does at last on a donkey! They might indicate a drop could be lethal. (9)
9 Attributes the result to getting small sleeping quarters during stormy seas. (8)
14 and 15 What a dumb suitor holds to be an admonition from the bench. (7,2,5)
16 The age of this might cause hearing 15 down, as one might agree. (7)
18 The things Masefield's quinquireme cargoed! (8)
21 and 31 What one might recount with toes, for example. (7)
25 Might be associated with a film strip of the general area of the west. (6)
26 Initially government files one holds this way. (6)
28 On the surface, a portion is about the point of public contest here. (5)
30 and 6 across Pursue the words straightforwardly arranged on the pretty arch, possibly. (9)
32 and 13 Not the type put on by an Eskimo witch doctor, though one might find them frequently up north. (4,6)
33 and 19 down A possible maritime hazard has but relative effect, according to the philosopher. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1529

ACROSS: 1 Repeating rifle; 9 Dailies; 10 Noisome; 11 Amazed; 14 Extends; 15 Eagle; 17 Nasal; 19; Article; 21 Flim-flam; 23 Summit; 25 Logical; 26 Petunia; 27 Brooklyn Bridge. DOWN: 1 Radiation; 2 and 12 Private practice; 3 Alimental; 4 and 22 Ipso facto; 5 Generosity; 6 Iliac; 7 Looking; 8 Cede; 3 Unparallel; 15 Encounter; 16 Expatiate; 18 Swinger; 20 Ermined; 21 Felt; 24 Span.

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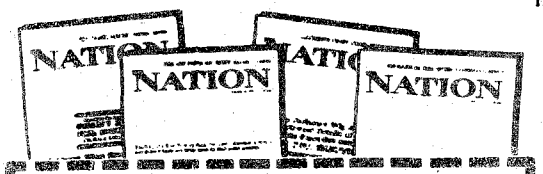

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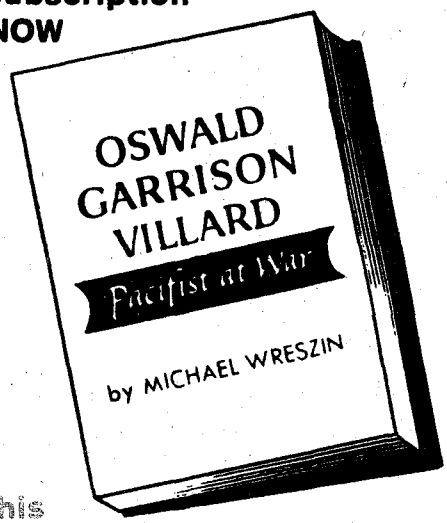

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